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"SHOCKER"

ALIVE PROJECT # 1

an original screenplay

by

Wes Craven

Registered, WGAW
1988

TITLES OVER BLACK. SOUND FADES UP ON a subtle MONTAGE of TV SOUNDS -- GAME SHOWS, COMMERCIALS, CHASE SCENES -- and then

INT. TV NEWSFOOTAGE/TITLES -- NIGHT.

TITLES CONTINUE AS PICTURE FADES UP ON A MONTAGE OF STILL PHOTOS -- each more frightening than the one before. Victim after victim of homicide -- all in homes, all ordinary people, all families.

Now at FULL VOLUME, THE TV SOUND BECOMES --

TV NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Whoever the killer is, police are sure of only the following -- he is male and powerful -- in almost all cases he has battered his way to his victims through locked doors -- often despite heavy security locks -- he is ruthless, savage and of considerable intelligence. He has managed not only to elude police for these nine months, but has escaped identification of any kind.

AS TITLES END, THE B&W STILLS CUT TO COLOR TV FOOTAGE --

A GUERNEY -- emerges from a door, followed by another, then another. TV CAMERA PANS WITH THEM, past frightened faces of NEIGHBORS, past disgusted and frustrated COPS, CORONER'S MEN, NEWSPEOPLE. There are flares of lights, guerneys collapsing into backs of coroner's vans. The images are grainy, HANDHELD, terribly real.

TV NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O./CONTD)
And now it has happened again -- in the early hours of this morning the killer known only as the Slasher struck once more, again killing an entire family, again escaping without neighbors hearing or seeing anything. And this city's descent into fear and frustration redoubles.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS (CINEMATIC FOOTAGE) -- DAY.

PICTURE CUTS TO SPORTS FOOTAGE -- AND WE MAKE THE TRANSITION FROM TV-VIDEO TO MOVIE FOOTAGE -- as A HAND comes INTO FRAME to switch channels, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL a small color TV propped on the counter of a lunch stand, and JONATHAN ANDERSON, 20, good-looking in a jock sort of way, stepping back from the TV, more easy with the sports than the mayhem. The COUNTERMAN shoves a Coke across the counter.

JONATHAN
Schneider pitched a perfect game last night in Boston. What you watching that crud for?

COUNTERMAN
I ain't had a good night's sleep in a month, thanks t'that man.

JONATHAN
So, if you don't like the news don't watch it. See ya, Bob.

He tosses down a couple coins and lopes off with an easy wave, our SHOT PANNING WITH HIM, now REVEALING THE LOCATION, a college campus in early morning, the light benign, the costumes of the students bright with promise.

COUNTERMAN
See ya, Jonathan.
(lower)
Hope you don't play football like you live your life.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY.

A SCRIMMAGE. CLOSE ON JONATHAN ANDERSON, 20 -- splitting off from the snap, cutting through the secondary like a deer, his running brilliant -- almost reckless.

THE SIDELINES -- lots of KIDS watching him the way they'd watch a rock star -- rapt, amazed at his ability and charisma.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- as he twists back to suck in the rocketing pass, cuts to avoid a tackler, grins to a GIRL on the sidelines as he flashes past -- then is slammed into by RHINO -- a two hundred fifty pound brute who sends Jonathan flying.

There's a mass of spikes and helmets diving over the lost ball.

RHINO
Keep looking at the girls, Romeo. You're making me look good.

He pulls Jonathan up. Jonathan straightens his pads, grins.

JONATHAN
Don't know what you're talking about.

Rhino laughs obscenely.

VOICE (O.S.)
You staying in training, Jonathan? You getting eight hours sleep and not screwing yourself ragged?

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- COOPER, Jonathan's coach. An ex-linebacker himself, Cooper makes Rhino look small. He has a bullet head and a tattoo on his biceps that says Semper Fi.

JONATHAN
I'm staying in training, Coach Cooper.

Cooper eyes him.

COOPER
It's a matter of will, Jonathan -- you got the talent, but you gotta have the will to greatness. Otherwise you get creamed.

JONATHAN
Won't happen again Coach.

Jonathan rejoins scrimmage.

ON THE SIDELINES the pretty girl he was grinning at before he was hit -- ALISON CLEMENT, 19 -- watches, concerned. She is, incidentally, the kind of girl sailors kill for.

Rhino leans up from the opposing line, eyeing Alison, then Jonathan.

RHINO
You getting some of that, Jonathan?

Jonathan gives the big guy the nicest smile.

JONATHAN
Your mother swims after troops ships.

Rhino's mouth drops open as Jonathan takes the ball on the snap and runs -- right over Rhino, like a man possessed, leaping, cutting back -- until there's an opening and he's through it, heading for the goal, laughing, looking over his shoulder.

JONATHAN
I'm uncatchable, Rhino!

Of course he's not looking where he's running at all, and slams directly into the steel goal post, hitting it at full stride head hits first. He goes down like a load of bricks.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- as he stares with glazed eyes at the dirt.

JONATHAN
Holy shit.

Cooper races over, impressed.

COOPER
That's more like it, Jonathan!
(rolls him over, sees the stars in his eyes)
You look like shit. Take the rest of the day off.

He blows the whistle and gestures for the others to get back at it as Jonathan weaves off the field.

A thin student assistant-coach, Pac Man, offers a towel.

PAC MAN
You could have a mild concussion, Jonathan. You want --

JONATHAN
I'm okay, Pac Man -- really.

Alison runs to him.

ALISON
Jonathan?

He stumbles over a bench and goes sprawling among the Gatorade. Alison surveys him sternly.

ALISON
Are you okay?

Jonathan looks up gravely.

JONATHAN
Concussion, Alison. It could be curtains for me.

She touches his head.

ALISON
Straight to bed with you.

Jonathan nods.

JONATHAN
If you insist, Alison. Will you stay with me? I'm so frightened of death.

She laughs despite herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARYVILLE STREET -- SUNSET.

The sunset sky is a study in red; headlights blink on like jewels in the fabric of this small American town. The people on the street scurry, as if afraid of the approaching dark. From among them Jonathan and Alison emerge, Jonathan still in his football uniform, carrying his helmet, the two laughing, holding hands.

Suddenly he stops. Turning as if to an inner voice.

ALISON
What?

JONATHAN
Something...

Increasingly uneasy, he forces himself in a new direction, SCREEN RIGHT.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT.

MUSIC creeps in, threatening. Jonathan and Alison move down an unlit suburban street, alone in the night. The darkened houses bristle with television antenna against a disturbed sky, and from all their windows comes the BLUISH LIGHT of their television sets, and the strains of the NATIONAL ANTHEM.

ALISON
Jonathan, where are we?

JONATHAN
I lived on this street. I...

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM ENDS. All the houses go dark. Leaves BLOW ACROSS FRAME. SOUND OF DISTANT THUNDER. And ahead, among the somber homes of this quiet suburban street is a house with a beat-up white van in its drive with the lettering: PINKER'S TV -- Service In Your Home.

The front door of the home is open, swinging slowly on its hinges. Darkness inside. Jonathan turns to Alison.

JONATHAN
Uh, I don't think you should be here...

She's about to protest, but at the same moment simply VANISHES.

Jonathan turns and walks across the lawn of the house.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Jonathan enters and stumbles over the body of a pajama-clad TEENAGE BOY, dead in a creeping rose of blood. A dropped flashlight illuminates his still hand. The fingers are broken.

Jonathan kneels by him in shock, obviously recognizing him.

JONATHAN
Bob...!

But Bob is gone. Jonathan looks around. Bloody footprints lead upstairs, footsteps that reveal a crippled walk, the left step dragged in a smear of blood, the right step normal. And suddenly from upstairs we hear BATTERING ON A LOCKED DOOR and a WOMAN'S SCREAMS FOR HELP.

JONATHAN
Diane -- !?

WOMAN
Jonathan -- help us!

The DOOR SPLINTERS -- the SCREAMS INTENSIFY.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jonathan tops the stairs two at a time, racing for the room with the broken door.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

In this darkened room, its shattered door hanging on its hinges, Jonathan encounters the dance macabre of a woman of 45, DIANE, with a hulking MAN -- powerful arms dark with tattoos, the huge knife in his hands barely held back by the desperate woman as he waltzes her crazily around the room.

Beyond, a screaming GIRL cringes behind her bed. The woman sees Jonathan -- clearly knows him --

DIANE
For godsakes, Jonathan, help us -- please -- it's the Slasher!

The enraged killer twists around and locks eyes with Jonathan.

This man is, in his very aspect, incredibly evil, intense and alert. And he smiles, intrigued.

SLASHER
What're you doing here, dipshit?

JONATHAN
Let her go.

The killer does -- he drops the woman and moves towards Jonathan, one foot dragging in a long scrape.

KILLER
You here to watch? Then watch.

The killer limps back towards the woman -- she darts between him and the child, eyes crazed with horror and determination. The killer raises the knife -- the woman screams -- Jonathan leaps for the knife. But the instant he does Jonathan inexplicably passes straight through the killer -- losing balance with the unexpected lack of contact. He pitches forward as the WOMAN BEGINS SCREAMING HORRIBLY -- and Jonathan falls into an abyss, tumbling down into blackness --

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

AWAKENING -- lurching up, gasping, drenched in sweat, in the middle of his own waterbed. The WOMAN'S SCREAMS ECHO OFF INTO INFINITY AND ARE GONE. We're aware it's raining very hard outside; the windows flash with LIGHTNING.

B/G a TV is on, turned down low, its image (STOCK) is of an aerobatic plane arcing in slow motion, trailing fragments of its broken wing, diving into a crowd, blossoming into fire. ALISON, startled out of her own sleepy watch in a nearby chair, shuts it off and rushes over.

ALISON
Jonathan? You okay?

He stares around, lost.

JONATHAN
Wow...

ALISON
You have a nightmare?

JONATHAN

My family, my foster family...
(beat)
What's going on?

Alison strokes his head.

ALISON
Remember? You ran into the goal post. You gave yourself an awful whack on the bean.
(a little sexy)
I'm your nurse, tonight. I'm here to see you rest, so just rest.
(kisses him gently)
You sure you're okay?

He wraps her suddenly in his arms, and the feeling isn't cavalier. He seems genuine for the first time with her.

JONATHAN
I'm sure I'm okay.
(off the top of his head)
You gonna marry me when we graduate?

She's caught off-guard. She looks at him, flushed.

ALISON
I'll think about it.

She laughs and really kisses him. Then then PHONE RINGS, and Jonathan jumps as if stung.

Alison picks it up.

ALISON
Hello?
(reacts)
Oh. Hi, Lieutenant Parker.
(hands the phone to Jon, a little scared)
It's your father.

Jonathan takes the phone cautiously.

JONATHAN
Don? The family all right?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE FROM THE DREAM -- NIGHT.

IT'S POURING NOW, the RAIN really coming down. MOVING WITH JONATHAN as he and Alison tear up in an old Chevy. PULLING BACK TO REVEAL THE SAME HOUSE AS WE SAW IN THE NIGHTMARE, now surrounded by police, reporters and the usual grim paraphernalia of a murder scene. Jonathan is met halfway to the house by his foster father, LT DON PARKER, 50, with a cop's face, carved equally by what's happened and by lack of sleep.

He blocks Jonathan from the house.

PARKER
You don't want to go in there, son.
(puts his hand at Jonathan's back)
They're all gone. I told you, there's nothing you can do here.

He looks at Jonathan, and his face is wracked with its own agony. Alison just holds Jonathan's arm, rubbing it as if to put feeling back in. Jonathan is in shock, and only now realizing that Parker is too.

JONATHAN
Bob, the new girl?
(beat)
Mom?

Parker just nods, waving away a TV CAMERA that comes blaring in on them with its lights.

JONATHAN
Don, I'm so sorry --
(low)
Diane was the best.

He can't go on, and couldn't anyway, a REPORTER pressing in --

REPORTER
Lt Parker -- with the Midnight Slasher now killing your own, do you think this will intensify your so-far unsuccessful search for the identity of the killer -- !?

Parker goes for the guy -- nearly knocking him over before Jonathan hauls him off as we --

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. (TV NEWS VIDEO).

THE TV CAMERA P.O.V. -- PICTURE SLEWING BACK TO NORMAL AS THE CAMERAMAN REGAINS HIS FOOTING -- Jonathan, Parker and Alison turning their backs, walking away, CAMERA PANNING BACK TO THE HOUSE as a TV NEWS COMMENTATOR begins --

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Emotions ran high as the Slasher struck again late last night, killing a woman who was the wife of the police lieutenant investigating the case -- plus their two current foster children.

CUT TO

EXT. CEMETERY (TV NEWS VIDEO CONTD) -- DAY.

WIDE ON FUNERAL OF THE FAMILY -- Jonathan, Parker, Alison and Cooper there, as well as Rhino, Pac Man, various TEAM MEMBERS, and many others as well -- under umbrellas -- THE RAIN NOW A MIST. SHOT MOVES PAST PARKER TO JONATHAN.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (CONTD)
Interestingly, local college football star Jonathan Anderson was also a foster child raised by the Mortons, a couple who over the years cared for many deprived children.

CAMERA (FILM) BEGINS TO PULL BACK, PULLING OUT OF THE FRAME OF THE TV IMAGE NOW --

INT. BAR (FILM) -- DAY.

OUR WIDENING SHOT now REVEALS THE TV IN A BAR, THEN PANNING TO JONATHAN AND LT PARKER ENTERING. The rain has stopped; the street glistens with moisture.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (CONTD)
As yet, Lt Parker and his police have still not so much as identified the killer, who has claimed over seventy victims to date, and left an entire city afraid to sleep. Meanwhile --

By this time the BARTENDER sees the two and switches the TV over to a ROCK VIDEO. Parker and Jonathan take a booth.

CLOSER ON THEM IN THE BOOTH as a WAITRESS approaches.

PARKER
Christ, you can't go anywhere without hearing about the bastard.
(to waitress)
Jack Daniels on the rocks.

JONATHAN
Coke.
(to Parker as waitress leaves)
Well, I imagine you're wondering why I've called you here.

PARKER
Yeah, I am.

Jonathan looks out the window. He looks older; haunted.

JONATHAN
I dreamed of the murder, just the way it happened.

Parker lights a cigarette, beat.

PARKER
Not that unusual. When things like this happen, people get bad dreams.

JONATHAN
No, I mean I dreamed it the night it happened, before you called. Not only that, I saw what happened in the house.

Parker looks at him a long moment.

PARKER
You don't know what happened in that house.
(lower)
You don't want to.

Jonathan takes a deep breath.

JONATHAN
Bob was killed in the living room. His flashlight was laying right next to him.
(low)
The fingers on his right hand were broken.

The waitress arrives with the drinks. Jonathan waits until she goes away. Parker's just staring at him.

JONATHAN
(indicates with his own fingers)
These three.

Parker downs his drink in one swallow, eyes never leaving Jonathan.

JONATHAN
(even lower)
Diane and Sally got it up in Sally's room.

There is so much pain in the words you can almost cut it with a knife. Parker gives a little twitch.

PARKER
(uneasy)
What is this shit?

Jonathan rocks a little in his seat. As he's been telling this, he's also been seeing from Parker's reactions that his dream was... real.

JONATHAN
Then that's how it was, wasn't it?

Parker, trying to stay one jump ahead and not doing too well at it, retrenches.

PARKER
I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

JONATHAN
(amazed)
This is so weird -- I knew it wasn't just an ordinary dream -- it was so real -- I could smell the blood...
(looks up, lower)
Then I know what he looks like, Don. I even know he has a limp.

Parker stands up and tosses money on the table.

PARKER
Just because I'm your father doesn't mean I have to listen to this crap!

He's out the door.

EXT. BAR/STREET -- DAY.

Jonathan tears after him, grabbing him, spinning him around.

JONATHAN
Don, listen --

Parker slams Jonathan against the nearest wall, twisting Jonathan's arm behind him and hissing in his ear.

PARKER
What the hell is with you? You on drugs?

Jonathan grimaces with the pain, but has just thought of something else, too, and manages to get out the question --

JONATHAN
You find tracks of a truck in the drive?

Parker stares at him incredulously for a heartbeat, then releases him. It's clear he did. He clears his throat uneasily.

JONATHAN
I saw it, Don. I saw him, I saw his truck.
(realizing)
I bet I even saw his name on the truck. I bet I can take you to where he works.

Parker looks at him one last time.

PARKER
Tell me. I'll check it out.

JONATHAN
I'll show you. That way or no way. I want to be in on this.

PARKER
That's against departmental procedure. You know that.

JONATHAN
Tonight.
(beat)
You want this guy or not?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CLAYBOURNE BLVD -- NIGHT.

TWO BLACK AND WHITES AND AN UNMARKED CAR SLIDE TO THE CURB.

INT. PARKER'S CAR -- NIGHT.

Jonathan looks around, then spots it. Points.

JONATHAN
There!

Parker looks.

PARKER
There?

JONATHAN
There.

EXT. CLAYBOURNE BLVD -- NIGHT.

Doors open quietly. Two uniformed cops from each car, and Jonathan and Parker from the unmarked. Parker looks across the street nervously. There is an old, large building there, it's entire street floor taken by a TV repair shop. The place, the neighborhood is down at the heels. And somehow... dark.

The other cops huddle in, expectant, almost curious.

PARKER
(nodding towards the building)
All right, it's like I said. A simple look-see here, no pieces out, no bullshit. Far as I know, this guy's a goddamned Eagle Scout.

SERGEANT
(indicating Jonathan)
And this is because he dreamed something...?

PARKER
You volunteered. Deploy your men, sergeant.

SERGEANT
Yessir.

The sergeant gives a glance at Jonathan and darts off.

PARKER
(low)
This is dumb beyond belief.

JONATHAN
Yesterday I'd've agreed with you.
Maybe I'm nuts...
(looks to the building)
When I see him we'll know for sure.

PARKER
How?

JONATHAN
If I'm not nuts, we'll recognize each other from the dream.

Parker sighs and eases towards the front door of the place.

They descend on the shop -- CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM HANDHELD. As soon as they get near enough, they see the place has no lights on, only its powerful, eerie BLUISH LIGHT.

INT. THE TV REPAIR SHOP -- NIGHT.

MEDIUM, FROM WITHIN THE STORE, LOOKING BACK TO THE FRONT DOOR. We can see our guys peering in, trying to see a sign of life. Around us the screens of dozens of television sets, most out of their cases, glow with the same image, a dark, brooding HORROR PICTURE unspooling on some midnight station.

No movement, no sound. MOVE IN ON THE FRONT DOOR, CLOSE ENOUGH to HEAR Jonathan whisper to Parker.

PARKER
The place is closed, for godsakes.
We'll come back some other time.

JONATHAN
He's in there. I can feel him.

Parker looks at Jonathan a long moment. Then turns to his men.

PARKER
Two of you cover the back
(to the Sergeant)
Break it.

The sergeant blinks.

SERGEANT
We got no warrant. That's breaking and entering.

PARKER
The place was already broken into. We are investigating an apparent burglary.

SERGEANT
Right.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN -- Parker, the Sergeant and the other uniformed cop, a young ROOKIE, slip in.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- as the three 'clear' the place -- poking lights and guns into every nook and cranny. Nothing. Not a living thing.

PULL BACK WIDE, PARKER AND JONATHAN FOREGROUND. The images on the televisions are getting more and more violent. This looks almost like a snuff film. The mood and tone of the place is dark, lethal, evil.

PARKER
I thought you said he was here.

Jonathan looks around, chagrined.

JONATHAN
I thought he was.

CAMERA MOVES ABRUPTLY ACROSS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE PLACE, ROUNDING A CORNER, DISCOVERING THE GRIZZLED SERGEANT. He's searched enough. He lights a cigarette, disgusted.

SERGEANT
(to himself)
Dream on, Lieutenant.

He takes a drag. From somewhere nearby, there is a sound, a covert STEP, SCRAPE. Like someone with a really bad limp sneaking up on someone else.

The Sergeant cocks his head.

Next second a HAND shoots out from between the parts racks and clamps over his mouth -- snapping his head back into the shelving unit!

A door-size section of the shelves pivots and the Sergeant is jerked bodily into blackness. We just barely glimpse the big, quick, powerful man -- the dark tattooed arms, the face we've seen only in the dream. Horace Pinker in the flesh!

Next second Pinker's gone with his flailing victim, and the shelving unit is back to normal.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- he couldn't have seen what's happened, but we can see his senses are burning with the message of threat, of Pinker's presence nearby. He comes round the corner and looks down the stack of equipment.

Nothing but a single dull glow on the floor.

CLOSER IN JONATHAN'S POV TO THE BURNING CIGARETTE.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- darting over, looking around -- feeling that feeling of someone watching...

CUT TO:

BEHIND-THE-SHELVES P.O.V. -- PEERING OUT OF CONCEALING DARKNESS TO JONATHAN. We HEAR BREATHING.

SUDDEN REVERSE -- XCU -- TO THE FACE OF PINKER -- eyes narrow as a pig's, watching Jonathan, mapping his face and soul with a hatred hard to watch.

CUTTING BACK TO:

THE STORE ITSELF -- WITH JONATHAN -- as he turns and shouts --

JONATHAN
Don!

PARKER -- races to the call, finding Jonathan standing there alone.

JONATHAN
Was one of your guys just here?

PARKER
How the hell would I know?
(looks around, already embarrassed by this fiasco)
Stevens? Marcus?

The rookie emerges into sight. Peers around.

OFFICER
Sarge was just over there.

They all look around, the sense of fear growing.

PARKER
(calling)
Sarge!?

No answer. Parker swings back to Jonathan. Jonathan is staring at the floor near the equipment shelves. From under the shelving unit, a thick creep emerges, of red, red blood.

PARKER (CONTD)
Oh, shit...
(to rookie)
Call for backup!

The rookie goes running -- Parker calling after him too late --

PARKER (CONTD)
Tell the guys out back!

He sees the rookie didn't hear that, turns in frustration to the wall and he and Jonathan fall on the shelves, tearing away the equipment, prying desperately at the metal.

PARKER (CONTD)
That bloody bastard!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SHOP -- NIGHT.

LOW ANGLE ON THE SHOP'S BACK DOOR -- as it eases open. Our ANGLE is so low, all we glimpse are polished black shoes and blue trousered legs. Oh, and we also see that one leg drags its foot; it makes a chilling, SCRAPING SOUND.

The figure moves steadily towards the street at the end of the alley. Down there we can SEE the other two COPS. From their nonchalance, we know they know nothing of what's happened inside.

CLOSER ANGLE WITH THE COPS --

COP # 1
Parker gonna keep us here all night or what?

COP # 2
Really. I could use a cold one...

Both cops hear the footfall behind them at the same time. They wheel around. A FIGURE looms INTO FRAME FOREGROUND. A fully uniformed COP. The two relax with a laugh.

COP # 1
Judas...

This cop turns back to the street. The other is more talkative.

COP # 2
Scared the crap outta me!

(looks closer)
You called in from Precinct? I --

He never finishes the sentence. The new "cop" lunges forward with a quick thrust to the belly, and the real cop is coughing blood as he plunges OUT OF FRAME with a look of horrified surprise.

The first cop jerks around only in time to see the last glint of the blade arc under his chin. He reels backwards with a garbled cry and falls into the alley, his throat cut ear to ear.

INT. TV REPAIR SHOP -- NIGHT.

Parker and Jonathan give one last pull at the door -- it yields suddenly and the body of the Sergeant spills out, throat cut, his uniform gone. Beyond, they see a room full of the most terrifying occult paraphernalia -- paintings, apparatus -- obscene words scrawled on the wall -- candles and a dark altar -- strangled cats hung upside down.

And beyond this obscenity, the narrow corridor leading straight to the alley.

EXT. THE ALLEY -- NIGHT.

ANGLE TO THE BACK DOOR -- Parker and his cop burst out, Parker racing to FOREGROUND, where he stops, appalled to find the two cops posted to guard the alley. Corpses now.

A split second later Pinker's shabby white van rockets by in the street, sideswiping a parked cop car, disappearing like a flash.

PARKER
Jesus!

Parker takes off on the run, Jonathan right behind him.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT.

Parker streaks for his car, but jams on the brakes as he discovers the rookie arranged across Parker's windshield, splayed out and dead, Parker's radio mike still clutched in his hand, the cord cut and twisted around his bloodied neck. And every tire on the car is flat.

Parker looks to the two black and whites. Both are sitting on their rims, tires slashed as well, and both have their radio mikes cut and tossed in the street.

PARKER
Christ!

JONATHAN
Maybe I --

Parker wheels on him, livid!

PARKER
You stay out of this now -- this is police business -- my business! That fucker's killed four of my men -- you think you can mess with a guy like this? Get the hell home and let me handle this!
(to self)
Phone -- I gotta get to a phone.

He tears off for the TV shop, leaving Jonathan alone. He looks down at the dead rookie.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINTING PRESS (STOCK).

CLOSE ON HIGHSPEED NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS -- as the morning edition roars down its chutes.

SOUND THUNDERING, MUSIC DARK AND DRIVEN -- A MUSIC/PICTURE MONTAGE --

EXT. CITY STREET -- MORNING.

A NEWSPAPER TRUCK -- howls by, several morning COMMUTERS already reading the news FOREGROUND.

The VOICE of a TV ANCHORMAN FADES IN, sounding the beginning of the bad news.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
Good morning Maryville. Storm clouds are moving in once more, although today might provide a temporary respite from the rain...

EXT. SEEDY URBAN STREET -- MORNING.

A BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS -- SLAMS to the sidewalk. A VENDOR cuts the bundle open and pulls a newspaper free, transferring it immediately to a powerful hand. The arm is heavily tattooed.

ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)
But it doesn't help for the sun to come out for a city afraid to unlock its windows...

INT. A ROACH INFESTED HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING.

CLOSE ON TABLE -- the SCRAPING FOOT approaches, then the newspaper is spread out. (We see the tattoos closer now, icons of violence -- knives, death's heads, swastikas, occult symbols.) And the headlines of the newspaper scream out the same message the TV now blares -- SLASHER IDENTIFIED -- ELUDES ARREST ATTEMPT!!

ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)
Last night a man thought to be the long sought-after Slasher was surrounded by police, only to escape in a burst of new killing that left four officers dead and a police department in shock.

CAMERA PANS UP AND RACK-FOCUSES TO THE TV. We SEE STOCK FOOTAGE OF A POLICE FUNERAL PROCESSION DISAPPEAR. REPLACED BY A POLICE ARTIST'S DRAWING OF PINKER, fairly accurate, his eyes even in the drawing terrifying.

ANCHORMAN (CONTD)
His name is Horace Pinker. A virtual phantom until yesterday, he was identified at last through a most unusual means -- according to the police report, a young man dreamed of the Slasher...

CAMERA PANS BACK TO THE NEWSPAPER -- TILTS BELOW THE HEADLINES TO A PICTURE OF JONATHAN obviously taken from a school football promotional brochure.

As the narrator wraps up this special twist of his morning feature, the powerful HAND ENTERS FRAME and tears out Jonathan's picture. Slowly. Deliberately. And the BREATHING of the unseen man is harsh, driven.

ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)
A junior at SCU named Jonathan Anderson -- who recently was a victim of the same Family Slasher himself...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JONATHAN AND ALISON. Leaning close together, in love. OVER THIS we HEAR HEAVY, RASPING BREATHING.

CAMERA PANS AWAY ACROSS THE BED. Empty, its covers wildly askew. The BREATHING grows increasingly ragged, almost desperate. We PAN PAST THE OPEN BATHROOM. We SEE IN, SEE the shower running. The Pan continues, the BREATHING gets even more harsh and wild as our PAN LIFTS AND CENTERS CLOSE ON A DOORWAY. A CHROME BAR spans the doorframe near its top. We SEE HANDS there, gripping. A moment later Jonathan's head ENTERS FRAME as he completes the last, excruciating chin-up.

JONATHAN
(grunting to himself)
'Two hundred...!

WIDE -- as he drops to the floor, glistening with sweat. He looks haunted, a little crazy beneath the surface. Alison pokes out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. She has the slightly shy look of a woman who's spent her first night with someone she loves more than she knows is safe.

ALISON
You forget your nine o'clock practice?

JONATHAN
No -- just leaving. Okay if you let yourself out?

She nods, eyeing him. He pulls on a sweat shirt and grabs his books.

ALISON
You okay?

JONATHAN
Just worrying about an exam.

She cocks her head at him, as if to say "This is Alison you're talking to."

ALISON
Your dad'll catch him. Now he knows who he is...

JONATHAN
He's never even seen him...

He heads for the door, then stops.

JONATHAN
Oh, almost forgot...

He pulls a small box from his jeans and gives it to her.

JONATHAN (CONTD)
Happy birthday, Alison.

His eyes sparkle. She opens it.

CLOSE ON IT as she lifts it out -- a small gold heart on a delicate chain.

ALISON
Jonathan. In the middle of all this, I can't believe you'd think of this...

She opens the towel, pressing her body to his.

He embraces her, rocking her.

JONATHAN
Thanks for coming over. It was great. I mean...

She kisses him deeply, then holds him away.

ALISON
You'll be late.

Jonathan sees her tears.

JONATHAN
You okay?

ALISON
Just happy. Go -- I'll see you at practice.

She gives him a little shove and watches him go. And as the door closes behind him, a shiver runs through her body.

ALISON (CONTD)
(very low)
Jonathan Anderson, I love you so much...

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

TRACK WITH JONATHAN, FOLLOWING HIM TO HIS CAR, CAMERA SWINGING BEHIND HIM until he gets inside. Pressing in on him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL/BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- DAY.

ANGLE ON THE BIG OLD TV IN JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- on now, STOCK FOOTAGE OF A RAINSTORM -- broken trees, downed power poles, streets with gutters rushing with water --

TV NEWSCASTER
The storm continues to remain in the area, last night pouring three inches of rain in outlying districts, accompanied by high winds. In local news --

CLOSER ON THE TV. Jonathan's picture pops up on screen, football costume and all, then instantly DISTORTS as THE SOUND OF A HAIR DRYER WHINES UP OFF SCREEN. CAMERA PANS OFF THE TV TO THE BATHROOM. Alison is in there, back to the doorway, bent to drape her hair into the hot wind, weaving in that peculiar dance women do with hair dryers. She hasn't heard the TV at all.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONTD/O.S.)
-- Police had speculated earlier this morning that the man thought to be the Slasher -- Horace Pinker -- had eluded their dragnet and left the area --

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR -- DAY.

Once inside his beat up old Chevy, Jonathan shows the strain. He wipes his hands through his hair, then shakes off the tension and puts the key in the ignition.

CLOSE ON THE IGNITION, JONATHAN'S HAND. He turns the key.

WIDE -- the instant the car starts the radio blares on --

RADIO NEWSCASTER
...but he apparently struck again early this morning, killing a family of five in their sleep.

CLOSE ON THE RADIO --

RADIO NEWSCASTER (CONTD)
In this the latest work of what is thought, because of distinctive patterns Police refuse to make public, to be the Slasher --

JONATHAN'S HAND ENTERS FRAME -- and shuts the radio off.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY.

CUTTING TO AN ANGLE CLOSE TO ALISON. The HOWLING OF THE DRYER wipes out any other sound. Yet she suddenly straightens, turns off the dryer. The SOUND OF A COMMERCIAL is the only thing the TV offers now.

COMMERCIAL ACTOR (O.S.)
I thought I was getting my clothes clean, until my best friend told me the truth...

Alison grabs the TV remote and shuts off the TV. She cocks her head, listening without turning. The heart gleams at her throat.

ALISON
Jonathan...?

EXT. JONATHAN'S CAR -- DAY.

Jonathan just sits in the car in the drive.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIS FACE FROM FRONT ANGLE. He seems shaken, unsure of what to do next. Behind him, the empty space of the back seat seems to cry out danger. But nothing happens. Jonathan throws the engine into gear and heads off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY.

Alison wipes a clear space in the fogged mirror of the bathroom.

ALISON
Please god, keep him safe today.

The words are hardly out of her mouth when PINKER LUNGES INTO FRAME with a horrendous SCREAM, striking her from behind -- face livid, eyes wild! On Alison's shattering SCREAM we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY.

TIGHT ANGLES ON A FULL SCRIMMAGE -- ALISON'S SCREAM CROSSMIXING WITH THE SHRILL SCREECH OF COOPER'S WHISTLE and the snap of the ball.

HAND-HELD TIGHT ON JONATHAN taking the hand-off -- wheeling and slamming through the line with fire in his eyes -- the GRUNTS, CLASH OF PLASTIC ARMOR, the THUD OF FEET, RASP OF BREATH -- and a final roar from Jonathan as he cleanly outdistances Rhino, leaps two other tacklers and flashes across the goal line.

More shrill WHISTLES and CHEERS -- from side-line fans and team mates alike. Pac Man brings him Gatorade, Rhino thumps him on the back. Jonathan checks the side lines. Calls to one of the girls --

JONATHAN
You seen Alison?

The girl shakes her head.

COOPER (O.S.)
Jonathan.

Jonathan, still grinning, looks over. And then his grin evaporates. His coach, Cooper, is just staring at him. And Parker stands next to him, just as grim.

PARKER
Jon, I'm so sorry...

INT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN as he rockets through the front door (a glimpse of an AMBULANCE, SPECTATORS outside), through the clutch of startled cops in his living room to his bedroom, Pursued by several.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- DAY.

Jonathan follows the flashes of cameras to the bathroom, stopping in CU in its doorway. By then it's too late for the cops to prevent him from seeing.

CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO THE BATHROOM, and as it does, FRAME FILLS MORE AND MORE with an awful drench of scarlet. Horace Pinker has painted the bathroom red with Alison's life-blood. And OUR FINAL CAMERA ANGLE, LOOKING ACROSS THE TUB FROM ITS FAR SIDE, PUTS ALISON'S HAND AND FOREARM FOREGROUND, draped languidly over the rim, so pale and white against that awfully-daubed tub. The posture looks like one final gesture of supplication. Or farewell.

SNAP-ZOOM RIGHT BACK INTO JONATHAN'S EYES. They flick up to the wall.

REVERSE, IN HIS POV. We SEE the words written in blood: "Pinker's gonna get you, Jonathan Anderson!"

BACK ON JONATHAN as Parker bursts in and gently pulls him away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR -- DAY.

Low light. Jonathan approaches the coffin. The place is deserted save for the MORTICIAN with Jonathan. The man looks to Jonathan.

MORTICIAN
I did the best I could.

He opens the coffin and steps back into the shadows.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN AT THE COFFIN -- with her. Alison is as white and beautiful as a porcelain doll. In a dress of eggshell white. Still at her neck is the gold heart.

Jonathan touches it once, bends and kisses her gently on the lips, then turns and walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY.

A simple ceremony, with the friends and family of Alison, Cooper, Parker and Jonathan, gathered to say their good-byes, all shocked to be at such a ceremony so soon again. Girls are crying openly; Rhino and the guys from the team are pale guardians.

All watch as the coffin is lowered into the ground. Jonathan drops a handful of soil, whispers something into the dark, then steps back.

CLOSE ON PARKER -- grim, watching him carefully. Almost, despite himself, professionally.

DS3-II

EXT. A ROAD OVERLOOKING THE CITY -- NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE CITY -- a twinkling web of anonymity. CAMERA SUDDENLY PANS AND RACKS FOCUS, REVEALING JONATHAN, still deep in shock, studying the city. After a moment he turns and walks over to his car and gets in.

INT. JONATHAN'S CHEVY -- NIGHT.

Rhino's already in there. Expectant, a little skeptical.

JONATHAN
You know what to do, now, right?

RHINO
Yeah. I think you're nuts, but I know what to do.

JONATHAN
Good. Then here we go.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT.

Jonathan's Chevy appears, rolling slowly, and when it's closer we see Jonathan, watching, listening. Then he stops the car, right in the middle of the street, and gets out. Rhino starts to get out, but Jonathan waves him back.

Jonathan glances around, seeing --

A STREET SIGN -- Maddalena Street and Wagner Avenue.

JONATHAN -- turns back, his eyes drawn by an invisible force towards an apartment complex. He HEARS a sudden sound -- OF A DOOR BEING BATTERED DOWN. He looks back to Rhino. Then turns and starts running.

EXT. REAR OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT.

JONATHAN -- tears around the corner, up the stairs three at a time.

ANGLE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS -- as we discover Pinker there -- slamming his shoulder into the door of an apartment -- hard and insistent! Jonathan races right at him -- screaming --

Pinker wheels around, as if expecting Jonathan --

PINKER
Come on -- I'm waiting, asshole!

He slashes out with his big knife -- Jonathan lurches sideways in panic -- hits the railing hard and cartwheels over!

WIDE -- as he falls screaming out into space.

TIGHT ON JONATHAN'S FACE -- as the concrete floor of the courtyard speeds up towards him and Jonathan SCREAMS in terror!

INT. JONATHAN'S CHEVY -- NIGHT.

Jonathan bolts out of sleep with a shout as Rhino shakes him -- a split-second before he would have struck the ground -- crashing instead back into consciousness --

JONATHAN
Shiiit!!!

Jonathan looks around, rubbing his eyes.

RHINO
I do it right?

Jonathan gets himself together.

JONATHAN
You did it perfect, Rhino.

(gives him a whack,
then remembers)
Maddalena and Wagner!

He jams on the ignition and the car lurches forward.

EXT. A ROAD OVERLOOKING THE CITY -- NIGHT.

Jonathan peels out onto the roadway, heading down into the city. As soon as his car is a safe distance away, four other cars roar to life in the shadows, their lights flashing on -- POLICE CARS. They tear off after Jonathan. No sirens, no dome lights.

EXT. MADDALENA STREET AT WAGNER AVENUE -- NIGHT.

Jonathan, and Rhino pull up and get out, looking up at the apartment complex. The police cars slide up behind them, silent as sharks. Jonathan, needless to say, is astonished to see them.

Parker gets out, gives a wry smile.

PARKER
Evening.

JONATHAN
What you doing here?!

PARKER
My job.

Jonathan doesn't have a chance to respond. The night is split by a horrendous SCREAM.

PARKER
(to one of his men)
Keep these two here!

He races off with the rest of his men. Jonathan looks at Bruno. Bruno turns around and straightarms their guard, the guy flies ass over teakettle, and Jonathan and Rhino take off like two shots.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT.

Parker's army races into the courtyard of the apartment. On the upper level that we saw in Jonathan's dream a door has been smashed open -- and a WOMAN darts out of it, SCREAMING. Then Pinker lunges after her, knife in hand, smeared with blood, eyes lit with the lust of killing. He raises the knife -- then is stopped cold by Parker's shout --

PARKER
Freeze, you bastard -- I'll blow your head off!

Pinker jumps back -- caught off-guard by the arrival of an entire cavalry. Just about then Jonathan rounds the corner and brakes. Pinker sees him instantly and calls directly to him --

PINKER
What, you had to bring help?

Then with blinding speed he wheels and drags the terrified woman with him as a shield, then just as suddenly dumps her in the direct line of fire and disappears up a fire escape for the roof.

Jonathan is after him in a flash, leaving the rest far behind.

PARKER
Hey!

EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX ROOF -- NIGHT.

Pinker bursts across the darkened rooftop in giant limping strides, but is forced to stop at the brink of the roof.

Separating him from the next rooftop and escape is a fifteen foot gap. But fortunately for him there's a plank bridging it. He turns, sees Jonathan bursting through the door, and makes his decision. He limps across the plank, arms out for balance, and just makes it. He looks back.

IN HIS POV WE SEE JONATHAN -- coming like a locomotive!

PINKER -- waits until the last split-second, then dumps the plank over the edge. Jonathan can't stop -- he spills over the edge, and only by sheer luck and coordination manages to grab the ledge -- hanging on by his fingertips.

Pinker runs laughing off into the dark.

REVERSE TO JONATHAN -- as Rhino and Parker with all his men pound out onto the roof. Parker and his men miss Jonathan entirely, and seeing Pinker's gained the far roof, go tearing back down the stairs. Rhino looks around for Jonathan.

ANGLE ON PINKER -- on the far roof. The door down is locked from inside. He looks back towards Jonathan.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- Rhino has spotted him and makes it to him, grabbing his wrist just as Jonathan looses his grip -- hauling him back up.

RHINO
You okay?

Jonathan doesn't even answer -- he races away from the gap, turns, and pours on the steam, running straight for the abyss.

RHINO (CONTD)
Jonathan, forget it!

But Jonathan keeps on going -- and vaults from the edge of the building, arching dizzyingly through the air and landing successfully on the far side.

RHINO
In-tense!

ANGLE ON THE FAR SIDE, ON PINKER -- looking for a way off the far side of the roof, not finding one -- then hearing Jonathan hit. He wheels around just as Jonathan smashes into him feet first!

Pinker sails backwards, knocked silly. Jonathan lurches over him, grabbing up the knife, raising it to strike. Then he just as suddenly stops and flings the knife away. Instead he hauls Pinker up and decks him with a tremendous right! Pinker goes down hard, but twists and kicks out with vicious quickness, catching Jonathan in the knee, and this time it's Jonathan who goes down! Pinker leaps for the knife.

He has it in a flash, wheels and starts towards Jonathan, lunging and slashing. Jonathan lurches backwards, takes a slash through the ribs -- grabs a television antenna and snaps it down in Pinker's face. But Pinker sweeps it out of his way like a twig and keeps on coming. Jonathan feints and darts, barely keeping out of the reach of that gleaming blade -- using all his broken field skills. At last he ducks behind a ventilator housing and disappears.

Pinker literally tears the sheetmetal unit apart with his bare hands, sparks flying from the blade as it slashes the metal away -- and then Pinker is through it.

But Jonathan isn't there.

He comes from Pinker's blind side with all the force of a linebacker, slamming into him low and hard -- knocking the huge man back. But Pinker doesn't go sprawling -- there is a fantastic agility to this murderous piece of muscle and brain -- he rolls, flips sideways and slashes out with the knife, catching Jonathan across the cheekbones, and Jonathan goes down hard.

Pinker leaps over him, knife ready --

But next second Parker and half a dozen of his cops bursts onto the rooftop, guns leveled on Pinker.

PARKER
Drop it!

Pinker freezes, looks to Jonathan. Then slowly drops the big knife.

JONATHAN
I'll see you dead, you bastard.

Pinker just grins that malicious, hateful grin.

PINKER
Then I give you this curse, schoolboy -- may your dream come true.

Jonathan struggles to his feet, clutching his bleeding face.

JONATHAN
Go to hell, Pinker.

Pinker, still keeps that awful leer.

PINKER
She died real hard, y'know? Your girlfriend.

Jonathan goes for the guy, a killer's cry in his own throat. He's just barely able to be pulled off by Parker and two big cops, and twists and screams at Pinker like a madman himself.

JONATHAN
I want you dead, you fucker! I want to see you die!

Parker, accustomed to seeing it all, is still startled to see the fury and murderous hatred in Jonathan's eye. He grabs him and stills him until Pinker is cuffed and dragged away. At last Jonathan looks at his foster father and sags in exhaustion.

PARKER
The State'll do it, Jonathan. He'll fry for sure. You don't have to worry about this asshole anymore.

JONATHAN
(low)
I want to be there.

PARKER
What?

JONATHAN
I want to be there -- if they give him the chair, I want to be there.

Parker laughs.

PARKER
Don't be crazy. It's over -- let it go. Anyway, we gotta go get some sewing done on you, buddy.

Jonathan jerks away, oblivious to the cut and his own blood. His eyes are possessed.

JONATHAN
No, I want to see him die. I've earned it. I want to see him die.

Parker looks at him a long moment.

PARKER
We've both earned it.
(shrugs)
I'll get us both a seat.

HOLD ON JONATHAN'S BLAZING EYES ANOTHER MOMENT, THEN --

FADE TO BLACK:

BURN ON: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE UP ON:

EXT. PENITENTIARY -- DAY.

A remote, ominous place -- stone and steel set among naked woods, cloaked in grey clouds. Again, the SOUND OF THUNDER somewhere over the horizon. At the front gate, Cooper, Rhino and Pac Man stand with Jonathan. Jonathan's thinner now, and the scar across his cheek is grim and permanent reminder of his enemy.

COOPER
You okay for this?

JONATHAN
(coldly)
Just fine.

COOPER
We'll be right here in case you need us.

RHINO
If there's any problem, I'll come in and personally break his neck.

Jonathan doesn't grin. He's changed that way, too. They shake hands, then Parker appears at the entrance. Jon joins him and they go in together, leaving the others behind.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER.

CLOSE ON THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. Huge. Medieval. Set in its own small chamber. There's nothing else in here but a stethoscope on an old brass wall hook.

INT. . OUTER ROOM.

WIDE. The chair and its windowed chamber is set into the far end of this space, which affords room for a dozen straight-backed '30's-issue chairs. Between them and the chair's chamber is a brutally utilitarian station with a Square D electrical panel with one of those big grey switches. Finally, affixed to the wall, a black telephone with no dial.

PAN TO THE DOOR -- as REPORTERS, a PRISON DOCTOR, the EXECUTIONER, and the REST OF THE WITNESSES enter, Jonathan and Parker with them.

The witnesses sit, uneasy. The chair is an overpowering presence. Even its emptiness is ominous.

JONATHAN
Where is he?

PARKER
Choking on his last meal, I hope.
(glances at watch)
They should be going for him righ now.

INT. DEATHROW -- DAY.

ANGLE DOWN THE CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR. A PRIEST and THREE GUARDS arrive at the cell.

PRIEST
All right, my son, it's time to...
(reacts sharply)
Oh my god...

The guards start scrambling for their keys as we --

CUT TO:

INT. PINKER'S CELL.

NOTE: Pinker's deathrow uniform, important later, is this: dayglo-orange coveralls with a black and white checkered band running horizontally across the chest and back, with DEATH ROW stenciled boldly in a box front and back.

PINKER -- dressed in this garb -- sits crosslegged in front of a blazing circle of smuggled black candles. Their dancing light plays over the centerpiece of this chilling ceremony -- an inverted cross. And above is the cell's television set, showing a hash of snow.

Then from this electronic swirl emerges a DARK SWIRL OF SOMETHING INTO THE AIR, something powerful and evil and clearly from another dimension -- so palpable that the papers and books strewn around the cramped cell are blown like leaves in a hurricane.

As for Pinker, he's twitching and pulsating like someone possessed. Then the SHOT REVEALS THE POWER CORD -- one end plugged into the wall socket, the other end held bare-wired in Pinker's hands!

The GUARDS AND PRIEST struggle frantically with the door BACKGROUND -- but Pinker's eyes are closed in sublime calm now -- foam dribbling from between his clenched teeth -- bluish SPARKS playing like St. Elmo's fire around his saliva-glistening thin lips luminescent as they draw back in a hideous grin.

We can just make out his voice -- evil to its foundations --

PINKER
Yessss -- lemme have it, lemme have it!

Suddenly the roiling cloud swirling around his head coalesces into something resembling red-glowing eyes - a twisted suggestion of cruel mouth -- and a VOICE, LC WHISPERING and utterly, utterly evil, says to the twitching an...

VOICE
You got it, baby.

The cloud rolls back into an amorphous swirl again, snaps back into the glowing TV and disappears as the TV detonates in a reddish gush of sparks. Pinker's back arcs with a jolt o electricity -- his gaping eyes show a terrible satisfactio -- and GLOW with the same deep, demonic red we saw in the cl

One of the guards finally gets the door open, grabs a tow slings it around Pinker and pulls him backwards, breaking e contact between the man and the SPARKING wire.

Pinker falls in a heap. The shaken guards look around.

GUARD # 1
What the hell was that in the air -- you see it?

GUARD # 2
(thoroughly spooked)
Smoke, I guess. Musta fried his fuckin' brains!

They drag him out into the corridor while the Priest destroys the black mass in fury, kicking candles and cross to the four corners of the room. The TV smokes like some evil censor.

PRIEST
God damn this! God damn this blasphemy!

INT. CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR.

The guards shake Pinker, slapping his face, assuming he's gone.

FIRST GUARD
You better do mouth to mouth.

SECOND GUARD
My ass! You do mouth to mouth -- this guy's an animal!

He snaps cuffs on Pinker and steps back. Pinker lies in a heap. The other guard is beside himself.

FIRST GUARD
The warden hears we let him zap himself, we'll get our asses canned!

But seeing the other guard isn't going anywhere near Pinker, the First Guard grits his teeth and bends over the corpse, prying open his mouth -- putting his mouth to Pinker's, breathing in, leaning back, letting the air out, leaning down, breathing in again --

-- And Pinker strikes like a snake -- biting hard into the man's mouth -- sinking his teeth deep into the unfortunate guard's lower lip. The guard pulls back in horror and pain -- his lip stretching out hideously, still in Pinker's teeth. The other guard lurches in -- prying at Pinker's mouth -- accompanied by the gurgling shrieks of his partner and the chaos of the whole cell block going berserk --

-- And Pinker strikes in a new direction -- releasing the first guard, snapping down on two of the prying fingers of the second.

SECOND GUARD
Noooooo!!!

But Pinker bites down like some hideous bear trap. There's a sickening CRACK and the Second Guard reels backwards as Pinker spits out his fingers.

PINKER
Finger lickin' good!

The first guard is roaring in pain, blood pouring from his mouth -- the second is no better -- and now both men set upon Pinker -- kicking and beating him in a frenzy until half a dozen other GUARDS come running up and haul them off.

The priest, nearly in shock himself, kneels over Pinker. The SERGEANT of the new guards steps over, nervous, hard.

GUARD SERGEANT
The fucker alive?

PRIEST
My God, I don't know...

And then Pinker looks up, his voice low but utterly clear.

PINKER
Why I'm fine, boys, just fine.
(his face splits
slowly in a wide,
insane grin)
Let's get on with the killing.

Something in that voice, in those eyes sends the blood right out of everyone else's face. The priest crosses himself and turns away.

INT. THE EXECUTION SUITE.

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN -- Pinker and his shocked escort enter. One of the guards opens the door to the execution chamber. They turn to Pinker. He looks to the witnesses, sees Jonathan -- and all his wild, insane energy focuses on that young man.

PINKER
Come to look Death in the face,
schoolboy?

Pinker is shoved roughly into the chamber. He makes no move to escape -- in fact, that said, he limps straight to the chair and plops himself down like a man about to have his hair cut and happy to have it done. The guards begin to slit Pinker's pants at their cuffs.

The Priest enters, shaking. Pinker seems to look right into his soul, bringing the dank chill of his evil with him.

PRIEST
(forcing himself to say it)
Would you like to pray with me, my son?

Pinker just leers.

PINKER
I'm no son of yours, you old pederast -- pray with your choirboys!

The priest goes white -- Pinker's voice is altered -- deepened and darkened into the chilling voice that could be coming right out of the black mass's evil vapors. The priest clutches his rosary and backs out of the chamber.

Pinker cranes around in his seat, twists against the leather straps now biting into his wrists, and fixes Jonathan with his eyes.

PINKER (CONTD)
As for you, boy -- I'll see you in hell! Be there or be square!

The guards get out. The big door slams and the bolt is thrown.

INT. EXECUTION SUITE.

The executioner takes his station by the switch, glancing at the big clock on the wall. The minute hand creeps towards the twelve.

The chaplain murmurs a hasty prayer, averting his eyes from those of the man in the chair. Pinker scans them all with a terrible energy, and dark, dark humor.

Jonathan eyes the guards, noticing they're covered with a sheen of sweat. Parker leans over.

PARKER
(low)
You guys all right? Something happen at the cell?

One guard refuses to acknowledge at all, the other just shakes his head and mutters --

GUARD
It'll be over soon...

The prison doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR
Not right, it's just not right.

PARKER
(turning to him)
What's not right?

DOCTOR
This whole process -- it's barbaric -- we're treating this man as if he were some sort of animal.

Parker makes a face.

PARKER
Why give animals such a bum rap?

Jonathan waves Parker off with a look. His eyes are troubled by the doctor's words. Next moment there's a stir. The door to the outer corridor opens and closes, and the WARDEN is in the room. He strides to the front of the chairs and motions everyone to sit.

WARDEN
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Warden Richard Marcus, and am directed by the State to ask you all to bear witness in this the execution of Horace Pinker in accordance with the laws of this great state. In most cases this is a duty I would rather was not mine. But today I feel justice is being served.

He acknowledges the man at the switch, glances to the clock, (now one minute from the hour), then steps to the observation window and speaks into a microphone there.

WARDEN
Does the prisoner have any final words?

Pinker lifts his head under the copper cap and glares back at the warden, his voice booming over the intercom.

PINKER
What are you waiting for?! Do it, you insect!

The Warden looks to the clock.

TIGHT ON THE CLOCK -- as the minute hand crosses twelve.

The Warden looks to the telephone. Its silence is the final word.

CLOSE ON THE WARDEN -- as he turns to the man at the switch.

WARDEN
(quietly)
You heard the man.

And the executioner throws the switch.

PINKER -- convulses with a hideous grunt.

JONATHAN -- registers a terrible mixture of revenge and horror.

Next instant ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

SHOUTS, SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS. Then the LIGHTS STRUGGLE BACK ON, up from a weird ORANGISH GLOW to FULL POWER.

JONATHAN -- looks to the chamber. The revenge is gone -- only horror left now.

PINKER -- is slumped over in the chair, the copper plate knocked off his smoking head. But his eyes are open, and fixed on Jonathan. And now his face cracks in that awful leering smile.

DOCTOR
(low)
Oh my god, oh my god...

WARDEN
Check him out, Doctor! Now!

WIDE -- the doctor bolts into action -- racing for the chamber. Jonathan rises to his feet, pinching himself furiously. But this is no nightmare -- and Pinker is rising, slowly, like a zombie, to a sitting-up position, his whole head smoking, his blazing eyes fixed only on Jonathan. And a hellish, insinuating LAUGH slides out of his gaping, smoking mouth.

A split second later the prison doctor reaches Pinker, and the instant he touches him there's a BRIGHT EXPLOSION OF SPARKS BETWEEN THE TWO MEN. The doctor arcs backwards with an anguished CRY -- and the whole place plunges into UTTER DARKNESS ONCE AGAIN.

The only SOUND is a busy SIZZLING.

Again the SHOUTS, although this time the tones are nearing animal fear -- even panic. Then there's a MAN'S SCREAM -- right there in the room with them.

And then a godawful silence.

The LIGHTS claw their way back on. SPUTTERING, FLICKERING, then finally reaching FULL BRIGHTNESS -- revealing Jonathan staring in shock.

REVERSE IN HIS P.O.V. -- The guard at the door to the outer corridor is sprawled out on the floor -- the door is open -- and Pinker is gone from the electric chair!

Pandemonium!

They race to the guard. Dead -- neck broken. Then to the doctor, sprawled in the execution chamber. The man groans, deep in shock.

DOCTOR
Get me to a hospital --- for godsakes, please....
(collapses)

PARKER
Pastori, Stuart!

Parker's men snatch up the doctor, dragging him out the door. The Warden is damn near hysterical

WARDEN
I want the whole goddam cell block sealed until we find him -- he can't have gotten far after taking a hit like that!

JONATHAN -- looks into the execution chamber.

THE CHAIR -- Smoking. Empty.

JONATHAN -- looks away, ashen. Then seems to sense something -- almost <u>smell</u> something. He turns and sees another door in the room -- an innocent looking door, like one to a utility closet. But for some reason it gets his attention. Maybe because it's slightly ajar.

He moves to it, touches its knob. He swings open the door -- <u>and the body of Horace Pinker -- fried to a crisp, smoking and gape-faced -- falls out right onto him</u>!

Jonathan falls back with a cry -- the body clatters to the floor amid a great outcry of astonishment. Everyone crowds around, astonished, wondering how the hell --

PARKER
(after puzzling a moment)
Jesus -- you get what he tried? Killed the guard, opened the door, then ducked in here to wait for a chance to really make it out. Shit, I can't believe he could even move...

Parker prods the body with his foot. The body -- still clad in the charred dayglo-orange DEATH ROW coveralls -- slews away, light as ash.

PARKER
Jesus, that chair really kicks ass...

ANGLE ON JONATHAN -- staring down at the obscene thing. Its whitened eyes stare right back at him, glazed and lifeless. Like the eyes one might see on the husk left behind by an insect gone on to a larger, more powerful form.

Jonathan just stares at it. Head slightly cocked. As if something just isn't right. He turns away in disgust and puts it out of his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON AND ROAD -- DAY.

LOW ANGLE TO PRISON, ITS FRONT GATE. Parker's two men burst out with the prison doctor on a stretcher. Several GUARDS help, rushing them to a waiting police car. They tumble the prison doctor onto the back seat, slam the door and leap in.

The squad car careens out of the parking area and off down the road. Cooper, Rhino and Pac Man watch, wondering what the hell's going on inside!

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY.

The cops pour it on, the driver leaning forward to see through the light haze of the drizzle now falling.

DRIVER COP
How's he look -- he gonna make it?

OTHER COP
You kidding? The guy's dead as hell.

And at that split second the doctor lurches up with a demonic shriek and grabs the cop around the head -- twisting with terrific strength! There's an awful CRACK -- and the first cop is dead! The cop at the wheel jerks around, horrified as the doctor lurches over the seat for him. Next instant his head twists back as the SOUND OF AN AIR HORN BLASTS through his consciousness.

He reacts in horror --

IN HIS P.O.V. -- we see he's drifted over the center line -- sees the big TANKER TRUCK bearing down on him -- a split-second before the concussion. Then everything is fire, fire, fire.

EXT. PRISON'S FRONT GATE -- DAY.

Jonathan walks out the front gate in a daze, Parker with him. Parker lights up, and just about then the FRONT GATE GUARDS react to what seems like rolling thunder. All look down the road. From beyond, where the road hooks behind the treeline, a huge FIREBALL rolls up into the sky, sucking a plume of ugly black smoke after it.

JONATHAN
Oh, god...

EXT. SITE OF THE WRECK -- DAY.

The truck and car burn like hell. A fire truck pours on water, but as yet there's no way anyone can get near it. We can hear Parker's nervous, harried voice.

PARKER (O.S.)
What the hell d'you mean, where's the doctor?

PARKER ENTERS FRAME, PURSUED BY JONATHAN. He jabs his finger in the direction of the fire --

PARKER (CONTD)
He's in there, that's where -- you got an asbestos ass, go see for yourself!

He lights a cigarette and rasps in a lower voice --

PARKER (CONTD)
What the hell you so interested in the prison doctor, anyway? Pinker's dead. Why don't you go home and get back to your football or something.

Jonathan shakes his head, a crazy look in his eye.

JONATHAN
I don't think he is dead.

Parker, already badly shaken, swerves and stares at Jonathan. Even Cooper, Pac Man and Rhino, nearby, are taken aback.

PARKER
What're you, crazy?

JONATHAN
I... I didn't feel anything at that body, like I usually did...
(struggling to find words)
I mean, it was as if it wasn't him any more.

PARKER
It wasn't. It was just so much fried meat. Good riddance. It's just too bad he took so many with him.

FIREMAN (O.S.)
Lt Parker! Over here!

He wheels and stalks away -- starting to run as he sees the FIREMEN scrambling in the same direction with a stretcher.

PARKER -- races after the fireman, across the road and down the far side into the weeds, where FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS work furiously over --

PARKER
Pastori!

He races down to his cop, who moves, alive, though clearly in shock and barely conscious. The firemen are already moving him into a stretcher.

FIREMAN
Must've been thrown clear -- lucky guy!

Parker helps with the stretcher as Jonathan appears over his shoulder, coming as if to a beacon. His face grim, possessed by a singular look of repulsion and mission.

He starts to trot as the surviving cop is rushed up the shoulder towards the ambulance -- Jonathan now running as they roll him across the asphalt. Parker sees him at the last minute -- sees that look and instinctively grabs him a split-second before Jonathan tries to snatch the sheet away from the body.

PARKER
What the hell you doing?!

JONATHAN
Who is that?!

PARKER
That's one of my boys -- Pastori -
- he survived!

He looks again at Jonathan, at that almost insane look in the young man's eyes.

JONATHAN
I feel him -- I feel Pinker around here! I think you should check that guy out more carefully! I think you should -- !

He lurches for the door of the ambulance as it slams shut. Parker wrestles Jonathan back, waves the ambulance away and then gestures for Cooper and Rhino -- who're already on their way over, concerned themselves.

PARKER
Get him out of here -- get him home --
(to Jonathan)
Go home, Jonathan -- it's been too much for you -- you need to get away from it -- need to sleep and get it out of your head!

And Rhino, a gently as possible, near drags him for their van.

RHINO
Come on, Jonathan. Let me give you a lift home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Cooper's van stops in the deserted street. Jonathan gets out, staring at his house. Cooper and Rhino get out too.

JONATHAN
Thanks guys. Sorry for the scene back there.

COOPER
You've had a shock -- take a couple days off, and we'll get back to the real world at practice Monday.

TIGHT ON JONATHAN -- as he takes a deep breath, his bone-deep fatigue turning inexorably to a perception of fear.

HIS P.O.V. TO THE HOUSE -- dark, haunted by the memory of Alison. He turns to Cooper.

JONATHAN
Coach, I'm sorry, but I'm off the team. I gotta see this thing through.

RHINO
What?! Whataya mean, see it through. You've seen it through!

JONATHAN
Sorry, Rhino.

Cooper shakes his head.

COOPER
That's just the opposite of what you gotta do, Jonathan. You gotta stay with what's left, gotta work your way through by playing, not running away.

Jonathan holds Cooper's eyes.

JONATHAN
Cooper, Rhino, you know me. You know I don't run away.

Then he turns and walks into his house.

COOPER
You need help, Jonathan -- you call!

RHINO
Me to, Jon!

But Jonathan's already inside. We can hear the locks locking, one by one. Even the chain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON JONATHAN ON HIS BED -- sprawled in the darkened room, lit only by the wane glow of the TV, bobbing slowly on the gentle swells of the waterbed. A STRANGE PROGRAM of lurching images and shifting shadows is on the SCREEN. Jon seems to watch it in a daze as we CRANE DOWN TO HIM, CLOSER AND CLOSER. And as we draw nearer, we begin to HEAR DRIPPING, insistent, DRIPPING. At last, as we're in EXTREME CLOSEUP, Jonathan switches off the TV. Listens.

The DRIP, DRIP, DRIP is too loud to ignore now.

WIDER --as Jonathan rolls sleepily out of bed, rubbing his head. The waterbed sloshes, low, oceanic.

JONATHAN
(low)
Damn faucet...

He pads across the room into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT.

Without bothering to turn on the light, Jonathan twists the sink's faucets. Then cocks his head.

The DRIPPING wasn't coming from the sink after all. It's coming from the shower.

He turns on the light, pulls back the shower curtain. Alison stands there, staring back at him, her hand up in supplication. Her body glistens with her own blood, and her strangled voice comes from another dimension.

ALISON
You gotta stop him, Jonathan...

Jonathan goes white.

She takes a step towards him. He takes a step back, terrified. She wags her head, her eyes wild, like a sheep on the ramp to the slaughterhouse.

ALISON
Gotta stop him Jonathaaaannnnnn...

She takes another step towards him. Holding out her hand. Sad, warning.

ALISON
It'll be slaughter, Jonathan. He's just learning how to move now, like an evil baby crawling. But he's gonna be uncatchable soon...

Jonathan backs out of the room, unable to speak.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

He edges for his bed and Alison follows, her dripping arms stretched out for him, the necklace in her hands -- offered -- her speech pleading, desperate and garbled.

ALISON (CONTD)
Use this -- use this! It stands for our love -- he can't stand to be near it! Pleeeease, Jonathan - - stop him for meeee!

JONATHAN
(near tears, desperate)
Alison, please -- don't -- I tried! Oh, god, please go back, go back -- !

She shakes her head no, hair flinging drops of red to the floor, madly, insistently.

ALISON
You gotta get him, Jonathan, gotta get him! He's on the move!
(she moves for him, terror in her white eyes)
Hold meee, I'm so cold, so cold!

She lunges for him, and the two spill backwards onto the waterbed in a horrible tangle, Jonathan screaming --

JONATHAN
Alison - no!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- twisting wildly on the bed -- jerking upright into wakefulness.

CAMERA ZOOMS RADICALLY BACK -- REVEALING JONATHAN ALONE ON HIS BED. Hyperventilating, eyes wild as he searches the room for the girl. She's gone with his nightmare.

CLOSER AGAIN ON HIM -- shaking, gleaming with sweat. The TV hisses its imageless snow, the station long ago signed off. Jonathan rubs his head, dazed.

And then he looks down, seeing something gleaming on the rumpled sheet.

Something gold.

He reaches down and comes up with Alison's gift, the necklace with its shining heart.

He closes his shaking hand around it and starts to shake with the Malarial chill.

SCREEN PLUNGES TO BLACK

INT. JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

FADE UP ON JONATHAN -- packing his things. The place is bare except for the few boxes that hold his belongings. Books, clothes, weights.

Jonathan seals the last box, stands and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

Forces himself to walk back into the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY.

The place has been completely repainted. Is almost surgically clean. The bed is still there, still with sheets. The electric relaxation chair is still there. But the rest of the room is bare.

Jonathan looks into the bathroom.

ANGLE ON THE TUB -- gleaming white, scrubbed and scrubbed again until there's no trace of the blood. But still there's something haunted about the whole room.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Jonathan turns, annoyed.

JONATHAN
If you're here to see the apartment, go next door to the landlord's!

A beat, then --

VOICE (O.S.)
Police, Jonathan.

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Jonathan comes to the door and almost opens it. Then for some reason pauses before opening the locks, and uses the peep-eye.

EXT. DOORSTEP -- DAY.

IN JONATHAN'S FISH-EYE P.O.V. -- we SEE a cop. He's not looking so healthy, sweating and a little pasty, but he is looking very official. He peers at the peep-eye, a bit impatient.

THE COP
Jonathan? Your brother, Lt Parker, wants to see you down at the station. I got a car out here.

Jonathan starts to unbolt the door, then stops. The telephone has begun RINGING. Jonathan turns for it, but the cop BANGS even harder on the door from the other side.

COP (O.S.)
Jonathan? You hear me?

Just about then the answering machine clicks on. Jonathan is locked, trying to figure out what's bugging him, as his own voice says --

JONATHAN (O.S./ANSWERING MACHINE)
Hi, this is Jon. Leave a message when you hear the beep.

Jon starts to unlock the door again, then stops once more as he hears his father's voice through the machine. A voice that's shaken, unsure, even a little frightened.

PARKER (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Uh, Jon. This is your dad. I... thought I'd call and tell you... um, Pastori, my cop that survived the car wreck yesterday. Well, he's disappeared from the hospital. I wondered if you knew anything about it...? Jon? You there?

Jon turns back to the door.

JONATHAN
Pastori?

No answer. He looks again through the peep-hole.

EXT. DOORSTEP -- DAY.

IN JONATHAN'S FISH-EYE P.O.V. -- we SEE the cop, Pastori, bringing his big revolver up, aiming straight at the peep-eye.

INT. FOYER -- DAY.

Jonathan jerks back from the door as the shot shatters the eye-hole. He scrambles away as the door explodes with one shot after another!

EXT. BACK DOOR/BACK YARD OF JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

Jonathan streaks out of his back door and runs around the corner of the house. Pastori flashes into view out front, FIRING a SHOT that tears wood from the corner of the house next to Jonathan's head. Jonathan tears off in the opposite direction.

ANGLE AT THE YARD'S FENCE -- as Jonathan takes it in one vault, Pastori pumping into view behind him, BLASTING away.

PASTORI
Hold it right there, Jonathan!

But Jonathan keeps on going. The cop races up -- we see his limping, lurching gait now -- drags himself over the fence, face sheened with sweat, hands shaking.

EXT. EDGE OF NEIGHBORHOOD/A PARK -- DAY.

Jonathan runs out of another back yard, looking over his shoulder. The cop is still coming, with the determination of the Devil himself, reloading. But it's also clear that this is an injured man -- somehow wrested out of the hospital and driving himself -- or being driven -- far beyond what his body should be doing in its condition.

Jonathan runs across the street and into the park.

The cop lurches forward a few steps, cocking his pistol, his right leg dragging in a severe limp now. Nearby, several people in the park are on their feet, witnessing with shock.

JONATHAN
Pinker? I know that's you!

And indeed it is Pinker's voice that booms back -- desperate and filled with hate.

PASTORI
You shut your fucking face, shithead! Get down on your face -- now!

Jonathan looks around. The people stare back.

JONATHAN
And let you shoot me like a dog, Pinker?

The cop straightens a little -- the eyes gleam through the sweat, and Pinker/Pastori grins.

PASTORI/PINKER
Then eat this, asshole!

And he fires, and fires again! And Jonathan twists away and runs, clutching his arm.

MOVING WITH THEM -- Jonathan running like the superb athlete he is, Pinker/Pastori pursuing with the tenacity of true hatred -- but not keeping up -- raging on even after he's thrown his empty gun after Jonathan.

MOVING CLOSER WITH JONATHAN -- keeping the man in sight over his shoulder --

WIDER -- as he runs straight up a hill, not even pausing until he reaches the top. Once there he stops, turns and looks back and down.

The cop has sunk to the earth, spent. Looking up to Jonathan. And his voice sounds like another man's now, frightened and weak.

PASTORI
Help me, Jonathan -- please.

Jonathan pauses. Looks around. Looks back to the cop. Swallows. Maybe he is crazy, he seems to be thinking. You can see the compassion creeping back into his face.

JONATHAN
Pastori?

PASTORI
Help -- please. H..How'd I get out of the hospital? Help me...

Jonathan starts back down.

ANGLE AT PASTORI -- as Jonathan draws up to him, cautious but concerned.

JONATHAN
You... uh, you feel yourself, Pastori?

Pastori just makes a pleading gesture and holds his hand out to Jonathan. Jonathan takes a step closer. Then --

VOICE (O.S.)
What happened? He okay?

Jon turns to see a JOGGER approaching.

JONATHAN
He, uh...

He turns back to the fallen cop just in time to see Pastori pull out his backup snub-nose .38 from his ankle holster.

Jonathan dives as the SHOT blasts the bark from the tree inches behind him. Jonathan dodges off, never looking back as the bullets whine past his head like angry hornets.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A NEW SECTION OF THIS UPPER PARK. A place of broad meadows and city views. Strolling lovers and dog walkers.

Jonathan sags against a park bench, exhausted.

There's a SOUND -- a tiny BRIING-BRIING! Next moment Jonathan gives a start and jumps up in the air as something whams into his ankle.

JONATHAN
Oww!

WIDER -- REVEALING a LITTLE GIRL on a tricycle -- the cutest little thing you could imagine. Blond, curly hair, big blue eyes. About five. She's banged into his ankle with her front wheel.

LITTLE GIRL
Ooops. Sorry, mister.

Jonathan hops around a little, but has to laugh.

JONATHAN
That's okay, sweety. No harm done -- just hit my crazy bone. You should take it easy on that thing though.

LITTLE GIRL
I will. Sorry. Bye.

She gives him a shy smile and tocls off down the sidewalk.

Jonathan shakes his head at his growing paranoia and walks off the other way.

ANGLE ON THE LITTLE GIRL -- some distance away now, jumping off her tricycle, looking around with sudden alertness. She's stopped next to a huge BULLDOZER idling near a road repair crew broken for lunch.

She starts for the bulldozer, and as she does we notice the little girl has a really bad limp.

But despite this she climbs up into the driver's seat like a little blond monkey, really making time!

BACK WITH JONATHAN, MOVING WITH HIM -- trying to relax into the spring day, the sunlight. Suddenly a VOICE --

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me -- sir!

WIDER, REVEALING A YOUNG MOTHER -- looking very concerned as she darts up to Jonathan.

YOUNG MOTHER
Have you seen a little girl?
Blond, on a tricycle?

Then she sees the blood on Jonathan's shoulder.

YOUNG MOTHER
Oh... Sorry...

BACK WITH THE LITTLE GIRL -- popping the dozer's brake, slamming the throttle forward with a gleam of pure evil in her eyes --

LITTLE GIRL
(in a deep, evil voice)
Come on, you fucker -- move!

WIDE -- The thing lurches off into the park, the little girl bouncing in its seat like a rodeo rider on a errand for Satan!

ON JONATHAN -- calling after the mother, who's already rushing off in her search for the little girl.

JONATHAN
She was just here -- she can't have gotten far.

The mother already is fifty feet away, panicking.

MOTHER (DISTANT)
Amanda! Amanda -- where are you?!

Jonathan tilts his head. Hearing a strangely familiar RATTLING, TOSSING SOUND. He looks down. There, rolling lightly in the wind, is the DESICCATED BODY OF PASTORI the Cop. Jonathan reaches down and touches him. He's light as a feather. And a split second after he touches him -- the bulldozer smashes out of the bushes, ROARING straight for him!

Jonathan dives -- the bulldozer slews by and SMASHES into a tree -- KA-WHAM!

Jonathan leaps up and twists around -- the little girl is feverishly trying to throw the thing into reverse!

In one fluid moment Jonathan realizes what's happening, leaps onto the bulldozer and grabs the little girl, jumping right off again -- the kid now SCREAMING and biting like a crazed Tasmanian Devil!

The mother hears this, wheels, sees her little girl being wrestled spitting and cursing to the ground, and absolutely freaks.

MOTHER
Get away from my little girl!

She takes off running for them, blood in her eye.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN AND AMANDA -- the little girl clawing at his eyes -- growling in PINKER'S VOICE --

PINKER/LITTLE GIRL
Gonna rip your lungs out, you sonuvaBITCH -- !

She stops mid-sentence -- seeing the HEART Jonathan has pulled into view. The little girl's face clouds instantly -- and she throws up her little hands --

JONATHAN
Get out of her, Pinker -- you bastard!

PINKER/LITTLE GIRL
Noooo!

About that instant the mother arrives -- falling on Jonathan like a she-lion -- pummeling him about the head and shoulders.

MOTHER
Get away from her!

Jon twists around, pleading.

INSERT -- as the little girl instantly seizes the opportunity and kicks Jonathan hard in the groin!

Jonathan doubles over -- but in his agony manages to rip the heart from his neck -- and he tosses it onto the girl's chest.

TIGHT ON THE LITTLE GIRL -- as the glistening form of Pinker smokes out of her chest -- sizzling past the heart -- escaping with an audible SHRIEK of pain.

WIDER -- as the mother stumbles back in horror, and the FORM OF PINKER, dark and boiling and evil as hell regains its feet -- now in the original form of Pinker himself -- dayglo orange prison coveralls with the checker across the chest -- head charred by the copper skull cap of the electric chair! And he dives straight onto the mother -- knocking her down and dissolving into her in one horrible SNAPPING, ELECTRICAL action. The mother gives a terrible cry of agony -- and then goes into convulsions.

Jonathan struggles to his feet. The little girl is crying hysterically, the mother is up on one elbow, a terrible gleam suddenly in her eyes, and a HUGE ROAD WORKER is running over -- with a pickaxe in his big hands.

He sees the mother, the little crying girl, and then Jonathan.

ROAD WORKER
This creep bugging you, ma'am?

The split second the big man touches the woman a BOLT of some STRANGE ENERGY snaps BETWEEN THEM, the woman falls back with a groan, the road worker convulses, hunches over as if kicked in the stomach, then slowly straightens, eyes glowing with hate, as --

Jonathan moves for the heart. The worker slams down with his pick, nearly taking Jonathan's hand. He kicks out, knocking Jonathan flying, then lifts the heart on the end of the pick and flings them both with all his strength.

REVERSE -- They arc through the air and splash into the lake a hundred feet out. The road worker snaps a huge clasp knife open. Jonathan turns and runs.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON THE ROADWORKER'S EYES -- watching Jonathan running off, EYES GLOWING A DEEP, EVIL RED.

PLUNGE TO BLACK

EXT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY.

FADE UP ON DESERTED FOOTBALL FIELD. PULL BACK AND PAN to REVEAL JONATHAN, RHINO, PAC MAN AND COOPER in the empty stands. Jonathan checking the perimeter constantly, as if Pinker might leap out at any second. But he looks damned determined, too.

COOPER
I think you should go right to your father and put yourself in protective custody.

JONATHAN
(shakes his head)
I'm not going to go hide and leave Pinker free to kill whoever he chooses. I'm gonna get him.

COOPER
Okay, then we'll just grab the fucker!

RHINO
-- and break his neck -- I'd love to break his neck.

JONATHAN
We can't do it that directly. You'd be killing an innocent person to get Pinker. That's the whole problem.

COOPER
I don't get it -- he just jumps in and out of people like the goddam flu or something?

JONATHAN
I know it sounds crazy but that's what he's doing. Maybe he's using electricity -- because of the way he died, I don't know. All I know is I saw him do it twice an hour ago.

COOPER
(reconsiders)
Maybe you just hit that goal post too hard.

Pac Man scratches his head, not so sure.

PAC MAN
The whole nervous system is electrical, Coach. It's theoretically possible to take it over, same as a terrorist could take over a TV station.

Cooper shrugs in frustration.

COOPER
Then why not do like you did with this cop -- you can out-run anybody Pinker gets into, and when the person's out of energy, Pinker's forced to come back out. Then we break his neck!

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN
When he comes out that way, it's because his victim is already dying -- it means Pinker's literally sucked him dry of energy. No good.
(beat)
But there is a way. We can get him out earlier and nail him without killing whoever's he's in. If you guys can help me out with one thing first.

COOPER
You name it.

JONATHAN
I need something from the bottom of the lake.

COOPER
From the bottom of the lake?

JONATHAN
(nods)
I know pretty much where it is, so it shouldn't be too hard. I've got a mask and fins in my closet -- I just need you guys to get them.
(lower)
I just can't go back to that place.

Cooper looks at him a long moment, then shrugs.

COOPER
I'll get your mask and fins and meet you at the lake in an hour --

PAC MAN
And I'll get you some fresh clothes and food. No problem.

JONATHAN
Thanks, guys. I'll never forget this.

Jonathan shakes Cooper's and Pac Man's hands. Rhino steps next to Jonathan.

RHINO
I'm not letting you out of my sight.

Jonathan looks at him. Too big to argue with. He shrugs and the two duck off down the stairs and across the field into the trees. A moment later they drop out of sight.

Cooper and Pac Man look at each other.

COOPER
He is nuts, right?

PAC MAN
(without a moment's hesitation)
Absolutely, coach. Jonathan's off his rocker, but he's definitely not stupid.

Cooper thinks on this, then bursts out laughing and claps Pac Man on the back. They head off.

HOLD ON THEIR EXIT, then PAN TO REVEAL --

THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER from the park -- in hiding. Watching it all. Face cold as death.

FADE TO BLACK

DS3-III

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. THE PARK -- EVENING.

Jonathan and Rhino wait in the shadows at the edge of the lake. Time has gone by. It feels like a lot of time. Jonathan glances at his watch again.

JONATHAN
They're not coming.

RHINO
No way Coach would jerk you around.

JONATHAN
Then he's an hour and fifteen minutes late. Is that like Coach?

Rhino can't answer that one. Jonathan stands, strips to his underwear and slips into the water.

RHINO
Hey, you can't find anything in the dark!

But Jonathan ignores this reality -- striking out for the place where he guesses the pickax and necklace went in.

CLOSER ON HIM THERE. He dives. A long, long pause, then he surfaces, gasping, and empty-handed. He dives again. And again, and still again, moving from confidence to annoyance, and then desperation. Diving again. He comes up with the pickax. But no necklace on it. He throws it away in disgust and dives again.

ON RHINO. Looking around for Coach and Pac Man. No one. Back to Jonathan. Hearing the choking -- showing the effects of seeing someone trying the impossible over and over until he's nearly drowning.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- surfacing one last time, choking and red-eyed, unable to get his breath, flailing and starting to go down.

Suddenly Rhino is there, bulling through the water, grabbing him like a kid and hauling him bodily out of the water.

ANGLE AT THE SHORE -- as the lay there, gasping.

JONATHAN
Thanks, Rhino.

RHINO
Any time.

They look at each other, and end up laughing for a second. Then just as suddenly Jonathan goes sober and is climbing back into his clothes.

RHINO
Maybe if I go look -- tell me what it is.

JONATHAN
It's no use. I gotta go, anyway.

RHINO
You gotta go -- what the hell you talking about -- I'm with you on this.

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN
No, not with this. I got one person I loved killed, I'm not gonna do it again. I gotta do this myself.

RHINO
Don't do this, Jonathan -- you're not God -- you need a friend.

JONATHAN
You want to be my friend, let me go right now.

He holds Rhino's eye a long beat, then turns and walks away. Rhino looks like he's just been kicked in the stomach. He turns and looks back at the lake.

HOLDING ON THE LAKE we --

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. JONATHAN'S STREET -- NIGHT.

FADE UP ON THE STREET -- deserted. Quiet. A dark figure approaches, still at a dogtrot. Jonathan. Watching the shadows. Running like a fugitive. Ducking to his house. Jonathan ducks to his doorway. Finds the bullet-riddled door open.

INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT.

The place is empty as a tomb. Blue in the still moonlight.

Jonathan turns on the lights in the hall. Then cocks his head. From the direction of the bedroom, there is a sound. Someone taking a shower.

Jonathan swallows hard. Forces himself to go forward.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM.

There is no light on in this bedroom, nor is the bathroom light on either. Just the sound of the shower, pouring hard, and changing, the way it does when someone's in there. Jonathan eases open the door.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT.

Moonlight streams in through a window, revealing the blood, everywhere, smeared on the walls, pooled on the floor, tracked into the tub. And steam, rolling over it all.

On one wall, written in blood, are the words -- "Stop him, Jonathan, pleeease....!!"

Jonathan, white as a sheet, looks to the shower. Someone's is in there.

JONATHAN
Alison?

No answer.

Jonathan pulls back the curtain.

But it's Cooper who's taking the shower, the big man's clothes stained dark with blood, as are his arms and hands. And especially the big knife in his hands, the knife he's cleaning so methodically right now.

His huge muscular head turns lazily and he smiles. The smile is far too evil for it to be his.

COOPER
Evening, Jonathan. Find what you were looking for?

Jonathan takes a step backwards.

JONATHAN
Coach Cooper. What...?

Cooper steps out of the tub, gesturing to the knife in his hands.

COOPER
If someone gets in your way, Jonathan, you gotta run right through him. Remember what I told you?

Jonathan sees the man take his first limping step and turns and runs for his life. Cooper bursts after him with the speed of a maddened beast.

COOPER/PINKER
Gonna rip out your lungs!!

Jonathan slams the bathroom door in his face -- Cooper/Pinker blasts straight through it, shattering it on its hinges.

INT. LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR.

Jonathan tries for the front door but doesn't make it. Cooper, in a blindingly fast limping/running dive, hits him at the back of the knees and takes him down. Jonathan twists away, barely evading the sweep of blade, kicking Cooper back but ending up blocked from the front door.

JONATHAN
Coach, no... Not you...

The big man laughs, and now we hear Pinker's voice ring through loud and clear.

PINKER/COOPER
Coach Cooper is bye-bye, asshole. I'm in the driver's seat now, and you're dead meat.

Pinker/Cooper lunges forward and drives down with the knife -- and only Jonathan's lightning-fast reflexes save him from death -- he barely dodges the blow -- and the knife buries itself in the wall.

Jonathan does the only thing he can -- kicking out into Pinker's bad knee with all his strength. Cooper/Pinker goes down -- and Jonathan dives past him, deeper into the house.

He darts in desperation back into the bedroom.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM.

Jonathan slams the door and locks it. Next second Cooper/Pinker slams into it from the other side. Jonathan jams a chair under the knob. The door seems to hold. Suddenly Cooper/Pinker stops his barrage. Jonathan looks around in desperation.

Then the voice seeps through.

COOPER/PINKER (O.S./CONTD)
Jonathan. Don't look in the closet.

Jonathan turns and looks at the closet. There on the shelf amid other bits of jock-junk left from his hasty packing is a Louisville Slugger.

Jonathan grabs it.

Then looks down at his feet with curiosity.

Reaches down and touches the sole of one foot and comes up with fingers red with blood.

Jonathan looks over his shoulder.

Next second the body of Pac Man, slashed and bloody, topples over him -- knocking him backwards with its dead load!

Jonathan crashes to the floor, his dead friend atop him, hearing the hideous laughter from the other side of the door.

He struggles up in horror as the door smashes to kindling. Cooper limps into the room with evil glee.

COOPER/PINKER (CONTD)
Pac Man liked you too much, Jonathan -- he wouldn't let me in. That's a no-no. Now, time to die, sweety.

He takes a step forward -- but only one. Suddenly there's a welling up of LIGHT from the bathroom -- an intense, obliterating light that whites out the entire bathroom and its bloody scrawls. Then Alison walks out of its center.

Jonathan's mouth drops open. He literally pinches himself. Nope, not a dream.

And Pinker/Cooper, too, is stopped in his tracks.

It's Alison for sure -- but not the bloodied victim from the first vision. She is unscarred now in naked perfection -- clothed only in pure light -- a spectral, brilliant vision of utter beauty and purity. And she lifts her hands to Cooper, her face filled with supplication and love -- and speaks --

ALISON
Cooper, for your own sake -- fight him -- don't let him do this -- don't let him have your soul.

And COOPER/PINKER actually hesitates. There is such weight and authority to the words that the man goes through an incredible convulsion of conflict -- Pinker trying to maintain control -- Cooper, a powerful man with an obviously powerful will of his own suddenly fighting to return to autonomy.

Jonathan sees this and joins in, despite his horror --

JONATHAN
It's like you said, coach -- everything's a matter of will -- you've got to will him out of yourself -- will it!

Jonathan takes a step towards Cooper -- and Cooper/Pinker slashes out in rage, barely missing -- yet next second Cooper's free hand grabs his knife hand and struggles to restrain it. And the man's face is a study in torn desire -- a nightmare of half homicidal mania/ half friend desperate to help. And the mouth struggles open -- and Cooper's, not Pinker's voice manages to get out --

COOPER
(barely able to speak, desperate)
Jonathan -- he's so strong -- I can't get him out -- !

And with that his knife hand not only jerks away from his free hand, but it stabs back at the other hand, piercing right through!

And the face contorts again -- becoming savage -- utterly determined -- and again the voice is Pinker's --

COOPER/PINKER
I can eat this wimp's willpower for breakfast, Jon-bo!

But the words are no sooner out than the bleeding left hand snaps around the wrist of the knife hand once more -- determined and powerful -- and the face and voice return to Cooper's control one last time --

COOPER
I'll do it for you, Jonathan -- to <u>get this bastard</u>!

Then two things happen almost simultaneously -- the head, face and voice snap back to Pinker for one desperate second --

COOPER/PINKER
Nooo!!

And next second Cooper puts all of his strength and will into his left hand and pulls his right hand snapping back right against his chest -- burying the big knife right in his heart!

PINKER
Aiiiiiiii!!!!

And the big man goes down, his face returning fully to Cooper as he dies, eyes on Jonathan. <u>And even as he's hitting the floor -- Pinker as ectoplasm is clawing his way out of the body -- desperate as a rat deserting a sinking ship!</u>

Jonathan recoils in horror for precious seconds, then, thinking Pinker vulnerable, grabs him in anger. But the instant he touches the big man a tremendous bolt of electrical energy flashes up Jonathan's arm and into his body, and he's literally knocked on his ass in the blinding discharge!

He flies backwards, hits hard and doesn't move. In fact, he looks quite dead.

But Pinker seems to be in desperate straits of his own, as if dying for human energy -- for a real body.

He makes a move towards Jonathan -- but Alison quickly steps over her fallen lover -- and the piercing light from her eyes drives Pinker back. The man bawls out --

PINKER
-- get out of my way, bitch! I need a body!

ALISON
Go back to hell where you belong, Pinker.

Pinker holds, clearly unable to challenge her. He convulses with some inner collapse -- and next instant he staggers out through the shattered door.

Alison sinks to Jonathan.

Now Alison is certainly not corporeal -- she is, one would have to say, some sort of creature of light. But she comes down next to Jonathan like any woman would to her lover -- runs fingers of light over his face, and brings her lips to his as gently as a Juliet to her Romeo.

And as their lips touch a flow of light enters Jonathan through that joining, suffuses his body, and he begins to stir for the first time. Then Alison simply lays herself over him, covering him with light.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT.

Meanwhile Pinker is dying, barely able to stagger across the living room. He gets as far as the hallway near the front door and collapses.

CLOSER ON HIM -- he looks around, seems to have some evil brain-storm, and he reaches out --

CLOSER ON HIS HAND -- two fingers lengthening, sticking directly into the wall socket. A moment later a punch of electricity jolts into his arm even as the lights shudder and dim in the hall.

CLOSE ON PINKER -- like a junkie getting his fix -- his eyes bright, mouth dropping open in pleasure -- he looks in perfect bliss --

Until next moment when somebody's POUNDING on the door.

Pinker lurches up, looking around for an escape route, hand still plugged in, body beginning to glow now.

Again the POUNDING -- LOUDER -- and a VOICE --

PARKER (O.S.)
Open up in there -- Jonathan?
Open up -- it's me, Don!

Pinker recoils in hatred, like a trapped animal smelling its worst enemy, and suddenly, his body throbbing with the energy now, he seems to realize something profoundly important. He looks to the socket -- and smiles an evil, triumphant smile as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

JONATHAN -- rolls over groggily.

PARKER (CONTD O.S.)
Jonathan?!

Alison looks up in apprehension as the SOUNDS OF PARKER SMASHING AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR become louder and louder, and suddenly she VANISHES in a gush of wind. And Jonathan is alone.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Back in the hallway we see Pinker's breakthrough -- he's literally inserting himself into the socket -- flowing into it in a glowing, electrically throbbing ectoplasm-- his whole body becoming as plastic and fluid as plasma.

Parker's creaming the door -- the wood's starting to give -- but before it does Pinker makes it through to the other side -- and with a last crackling of garish LIGHT disappears -- there's a shower of SPARKS from the fixture and the lights blow in the hall, pitching it into darkness.

Next moment the door gives and Parker kicks his way in, gun drawn.

He looks around on full alert. But there's no sign of anyone.

He sniffs the air. A sharp, rancid smell stings his nostrils.

LT. PARKER (CONTD)
(to self)
Smells like the goddam electric chair in here.

He looks around, ready for anything.

LT. PARKER (CONTD)
Jonathan?

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Jonathan struggles to his knees, still groggy.

JONATHAN
(weak)
Dad?

No answer. He stands, and weaves for a second, noticing the lights of the place flickering weirdly, going low, almost off, then surging back on.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Jonathan comes in from the bedroom, the living room dim with the shades drawn. He reaches for a lamp -- and the moment he touches it a SNAP OF ELECTRICITY knocks him reeling. He slams against the far wall, knocking the telephone off its table. It hits the floor in an EXPLOSION OF SPARKS -- emitting an ear-piercing SHRIEK of MANY PEOPLE SCREAMING IN AGONY. The sound is so awful Jonathan has to smash it with an end table until it's silent.

Just as the place falls into silence, Parker lurches out from a doorway, gun drawn -- eyes wide --

LT PARKER
FREEZE!!!

Both Jonathan and Parker jump a mile -- neither one expecting the other to be there.

PARKER (CONTD)
Jesus H!

He holds his chest, lowers the gun and shakes his head.

PARKER
Didn't hear you -- what the hell's going on in here?

Parker hits a light switch. Nothing. He looks around in frustration, seeing Jonathan looking at him wide-eyed, suddenly wary again, voice shaken, haggard.

JONATHAN (CONTD)
Pinker -- he's here -- you didn't see him?

Parker looks at Jonathan critically. Jonathan, incidentally, by now is pretty much of a wreck -- his clothes bloody and torn from fights, his eyes haunted by what he's seen.

PARKER
What the fuck is this Pinker business?

He takes a step closer, peering into Jonathan's eyes as if into a mystery.

JONATHAN
You'd never believe me.

PARKER
It might interest you to know there's an A.P.B. out on you -- half a dozen people witnessed Pastori chasing you in the park.
(carefully)
He's dead now, too.

JONATHAN
What was Pastori doing out of the hospital, in uniform?

Parker doesn't answer this. He pulls out a cigarette and strikes his lighter, hands shaking. And in that light he sees Jonathan's torn and bloody clothes for the first time.

LT PARKER (CONTD)
Holy shit... What you been up to?

Jonathan looks away.

JONATHAN
I wanted Pinker dead so much -- and when I got that wish it only made him stronger.
(shakes his head, dazed, avoiding Parker's eyes)
You think I killed that cop?

Parker sort of shrugs.

PARKER
Fucked if I know. You're sure talking screwy enough. But...if you did, you must've scared him to death.

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

PARKER
I mean there wasn't a mark on him. He was just... dead.

Parker takes a drag and pulls Jonathan around until they're looking at each other.

PARKER (CONTD)
We've been family a long time, Jonathan, through some real hard times. I've seen you turn a screwed-up childhood into straight-A's and a football scholarship. I've been proud to be your father and I could never see you as a killer.
(beat)
Besides, Pastori's body was a... husk. Same as...

JONATHAN
Same as Pinker.

Parker nods, then stops, looking over Jonathan's shoulder.

PARKER
Oh, Jesus...

He pushes past Jonathan into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

WIDER. Parker discovers the body of Cooper, and then of Pac Man. Both dead by knife.

Parker looks back to Jonathan. Eyes his bloody clothes and hands in a new light.

He touches his gun again, almost sadly.

PARKER
I gotta take you in, son.

JONATHAN
Dad, don't.

But Parker just puts his fingers to his lips and gives a sharp WHISTLE. Immediately we see a flare of lights against the windows, and hear the sound of RUNNING FEET.

JONATHAN
Dad --

PARKER
I called for backup when I heard the fighting inside -- what do you want?!

Jonathan slumps. A moment later the place is swarming with cops.

PARKER (CONTD)
Read him his rights.

As Jonathan is grabbed, Parker sags onto the bed.

PARKER (CONTD)
Christ I'm tired. Haven't slept in three days.

One of the cops tries to turn on a light with a wall switch. Nothing. He looks to Lt Parker.

COP
Lieutenant, try that light, would ya?

Parker reaches to the bedside lamp. Instantly he's stung by a strong SNAP OF ELECTRICITY -- jumping back sucking his finger.

PARKER
Shit! What the fuck's with the electricity in this place?!

He looks around abruptly, weaving slightly. Then something seems to occur to him.

PARKER (CONTD)
I'll get you the best lawyer I can, Jonathan. Frankly you're in very deep shit.
(to his men)
Put him in my car -- I'll book him myself.

And before Jonathan can say a word he's hauled out of the place. Parker looks to the two bodies.

LT PARKER (CONTD)
Sure as shit can't tell a book by its cover, huh guys?

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

ON PARKER'S CAR -- as Jonathan is shoved in. The door is slammed and locked, and the cop stands guard. From inside the house come the flares of FLASH CAMERAS; the air is filled with the SQUAWKS OF THE DISPATCHER. NEIGHBORS are starting to come out.

INT. PARKER'S CAR -- NIGHT.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- sinking back in the seat, spent. He closes his eyes, like a man trying to make his life into a nightmare so he can wake up. Then he opens his eyes again, abruptly.

He looks back at the house.

IN HIS P.O.V. we SEE PARKER in the doorway, barking a few last orders, then moving across the lawn to another group of cops, jabbing his finger here and there, laying out their tasks.

But it's nothing he says that has caught Jonathan's ear. It's his gait.

Parker is limping, taking one good step, dragging the other.

He turns suddenly to his car, locks eyes with Jonathan. Then glances down, realizing, then back to Jonathan.

Jonathan goes white.

He presses back against the far door. Locked solid.

Lt Parker grins. It's a nasty, lethal grin, and is there only for an instant.

Jonathan dives over the front seat, jerks at the passenger door, pounding desperately against it to no avail -- until suddenly --

-- The window to the door SMASHES to atoms -- a big hand comes through and pulls Jonathan straight through the window and on outside.

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

RHINO HAS ARRIVED -- obviously not content to moon back by the lake -- and is assessing the situation by the split second as he throws Jonathan halfway across the lawn to land on his feet --

RHINO
Explain later! Get the hell out of here!

Jonathan exchanges a flash of thanks, spins and takes off like a bat out of hell!

CLOSE ON PARKER/PINKER -- whipping up his gun -- FIRING.

WIDER -- Jonathan takes off at the dead run -- dodging and cutting like the broken field runner he is.

CLOSER ON PARKER/PINKER -- face livid now --

LT PARKER/PINKER
Kill him -- shoot the fucker!
Kill him!

A second later Rhino bulls into him, knocking him flying. Parker hits and rolls, comes up with his gun pointed right at Rhino's face and pulls the trigger.

But the gun is empty. Parker/Pinker wheels around in rage, looking after Jonathan, completely forgetting Rhino -- sees he's not hit Jonathan -- screaming at his men.

PARKER
KILL HIM!!

But his men are too stunned to move, just looking at him. They can't believe that he's shooting at his own son, no matter what the suspicions. And that voice -- shocks them all into stunned silence. It's utterly and irretrievably evil. Evil to its core.

Parker wheels, jumps into his car and roars out of the drive, leaving his men in utter shock.

EXT. AN ALLEY -- NIGHT.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- running for his life -- desperate, eyes glazed with panic and pain -- and by the way he's pulling one leg, we know he's been hit. Sirens are all around, but Suddenly from ahead, a swerve of dome lights screeches into the alley, siren blaring, and the cop car bears down on him at top speed. It's Parker.

Jonathan lurches to a stop, then does the only thing he can do -- he goes up -- leaping and grabbing the bottom of a fire escape ladder, and hauls himself up hand over hand.

Parker slams on the brakes and leaps out, jamming a new clip into his automatic.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN, clawing his way up the steel stairs of the fire escape now, bullets slamming and sparking off the steel all around him.

CLOSE ON HIM AS HE STOPS -- looking down.

PARKER/PINKER -- is coming up the fire escape like a runaway freight train -- reloading again as he runs.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT.

Jonathan races across the roof -- edge to edge -- but there's no way down -- and Parker/Pinker is closing fast.

PARKER/PINKER
You might as well just let me shoot you, asshole -- this is a dead end!

JONATHAN
Dad -- fight it -- please!

But Pinker/Parker just lets loose with a volley that sends shots ricochetting off ventilators and stone -- and Jonathan takes another slug -- this one through his shirt and off his ribs. It knocks him down, but miraculously he's able to get up, and isn't hit by any of the other rounds in this particular clip. As Parker loads his final clip, Jonathan sees his only out -- a tall TRANSMITTING TOWER at the far end of the roof -- a skeletal spire reaching up perhaps another hundred feet into the night, topped by a huge dish-shaped antenna. Jonathan starts climbing.

JONATHAN
(to himself)
Use it up -- use up his energy!

CLOSE ON PARKER/PINKER. Sucking air by now. It's been a pretty good climb even up to this level -- about eight stories straight up the fire escape. And the new climb is straight up a steel-runged ladder.

Pinker tries a few shots, but his breath is so ragged he can't hold his aim steady. He uses up five shots and misses them all, so with an oath he starts climbing.

EXT. THE TV TRANSMISSION TOWER -- NIGHT.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- high up the tower now, the city a dizzy skein of light beneath him, the stars flung around his head. He ducks as a new hail of lead smashes around his head and body, and he has to catch himself now -- nearly falling off into the abyss.

WITH PARKER -- wild with rage now, panting and heaving, firing blindly as he curses --

PARKER/PINKER
You sonuvabitch -- die -- die you rotten little -- !

And suddenly his gun is empty. He frantically searches his pockets for a fresh clip. None. He swears again and flings the gun away, clutching his chest, then surging up higher on the ladder once again.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT.

As TWO SECURITY GUARDS race out onto the roof top from the building, craning up to see the cursing Parker -- then ducking with hunched shoulders as Parker's gun comes smashing down onto a ventilator, bounces off that and lands at their feet. They look up, seeing the two high, high above.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD
Jeez -- we got people up on the tower!

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
Holy shit, they get in front of that dish, they'll be fried alive!

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
What the hell you talking about?

SECURITY GUARD
I'm talking about 50,000 volts of microwave television transmission coming out of that sucker -- they get in front of it and they'll be zapped good -- it's like one giant microwave!

SECOND SECURITY GUARD
Can't you shut it off?

SECURITY GUARD
Shut off the basketball game? You crazy? People'll come and tear this place down!

EXT. THE TRANSMISSION TOWER -- NIGHT

Jonathan is at the top, directly at the dish, lit erratically by the blood red of the flashing aircraft-warning light at the tower's top. He's at the back of the dish, safe for the time being, but there's a powerful SIZZLING HUM coming from the dish's front, and it's clear there is enormous power surging through the thing. We can even hear, in an ethereal, hallucinogenic way, the SPORTSCASTER howling out the progress of the game.

And Parker/Pinker claws his way up to Jonathan's level, grabbing at his feet, pulling them away from the rungs.

Jonathan very nearly goes down this time, barely managing to grab a rung with one hand, kicking Parker/Pinker away, gaining purchase again, and teetering up even higher, up onto the topmost spindle of the thing, with the red flashing light flaring in his eyes.

JONATHAN
Dad -- please -- don't!

But Parker/Pinker comes on, until Jonathan, his face streaked with tears, has to fight back, kicking out, catching the man in the face, driving him back down.

And Parker's heart starts to go. He hangs on for dear life -- clutching again at his chest with one hand.

JONATHAN -- sees what's happening -- and betrays his own goodness by what he does --

JONATHAN
Dad -- hang on!
(realizes what he's saying)
Shit!
(but can't help himself)
Dad -- can you hear me?

But Parker or Pinker can't hear anything over the roar of blood in the ears -- and Parker's body goes into a full coronary.

PARKER
(as himself)
Oh, Jesus -- !

He doubles over on the ladder, grabs his chest with both hands, and flails backwards.

He pitches out into blackness, clawing around as he goes, grabbing the rim of the dish, but falling directly in front of it with his body.

There's a moment of partial relief, hanging there by his fingertips, then a quickly-dawning look of horror and realization as the microwaves tear into his cells -- the THIN REEDY VOICE OF THE SPORTSCASTER SNAPPING AND SIZZLING OUT OF HIS MOUTH -- his body going LUMINESCENT -- smoking -- eyes boiling -- and PINKER COMES CONVULSING OUT OF THE BODY -- CLAWING HIS WAY OUT LIKE A CAT FROM OF A RED-HOT OVEN.

Pinker gives a devastating look at Jonathan --

PINKER
Too late, asshole. I'm nation-wide now.

And with that he simply flows into the beam of electrons -- skittering away molecule by molecule into the beam of transmission -- then suddenly shooting into it with a hoot of triumph. There's a bluish blur, like a laser shot, straight out across the sky from the dish... And Pinker is gone!

Jonathan looks back in shock. Parker, abandoned to himself now, looks up at Jonathan.

LT PARKER
Jonathan. I'm so sorry.

And he starts to let go.

JONATHAN
No!

Jonathan grabs out and at the last split second manages to snare his hand -- and he has him. He pulls him back up with every ounce of strength in his body and gets him to the ladder, wedges him into the strutwork at the back of the dish.

Jonathan sinks against his father, hugging the steel rungs of the ladder, shaking like a leaf.

JONATHAN (CONTD)
Jesus help me...

From below comes the long winding of POLICE SIRENS. And Jonathan holds on to his father for dear life.

FADE TO BLACK

DS3-IV

BURN ON OVER BLACK:

SEVEN DAYS LATER

WE HEAR --

TV NEWCASTER (V.O.)
With the arrest of Jonathan Anderson, increasingly implicated in the murders following the electrocution of Horace Pinker, the horror seemed to be over.

FADE UP ON

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY (TV IMAGE)

THE NEWS -- images of bodies being wheeled out on gurneys, shocked neighbors looking on, grim cops and coroner's workers.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)
But last night a copycat murderer struck again, killing an entire family in Northridge -- leaving an obscenely grizzly threat to Jonathan Anderson scrawled on the wall, and signing "Pinker". And this time police are further baffled by the fact that there was no sign of forced entry and the family was apparently awake and watching TV at the time the killer struck.

TV CUTS TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)
Meanwhile Jonathan Anderson has been released by authorities -- following the testimony of his father, police Lt Donald Parker, who, after emerging from a coma, swore Jonathan was not only innocent but had saved his life. Indeed police lab reports confirm that the deaths of Coach Sydney Cooper and assistant coach Roy "Pac Man" Stuart now appear to be a murder/suicide --

We SEE Jonathan released from the courthouse and greeted by Rhino and half a dozen other FOOTBALL PLAYERS. They take Jonathan into their circle.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)
-- Incredibly, Coach Sidney Cooper is the prime suspect in those deaths, since it was his finger-prints alone found on the knife. We --

By the time these words are spoken we've PULLED BACK FROM THE TV SCREEN TO REVEAL --

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

JONATHAN -- watching the TV until he's too disgusted to go on. He shuts it off. And by now OUR SHOT HAS WIDENED EVEN MORE, TO REVEAL Rhino and two other FOOTBALL PLAYER. Needless to say the bedroom has been scrubbed clean. Outside, thunder rolls across the sky.

JONATHAN
Coach didn't do it, guys. Neither did Pac Man. I want you to know that.
(beat)
You still up for this?

They nod solemnly.

RHINO
We're a team, right?

JONATHAN
(solemnly)
Right.

RHINO
Then we'll do what you asked us to do. It's a federal offence, incidentally, and technically nearly impossible, but hell, we're Western Tech, right? We eat that kinda stuff for breakfast!

TEAM
Right!

Jonathan looks at his watch.

JONATHAN
You should do it exactly at midnight. It'll just give me time.

RHINO
You got it.
(beat)
May I ask why we're doing this?

JONATHAN
Don't ask.

RHINO
Right!

They all do one of those football huddle handclasps and rah-rah shouts, and Rhino and his squad run out of Jonathan's like kids off to knock over the outhouse.

Jonathan watches them go, then turns back to the bed, a far more sober man than they.

EXT. THE CITY -- DREAM/NIGHT.

The sort of lunar city-scape feel we remember from our opening scenes. The streets are deserted. Jonathan stops, listening, feeling, then moves on. He passes a TV store with the front window full of TVs, all turned on.

EVERY SCREEN -- has the same image -- of bodies being borne out of a house -- Pinker's latest victims.

Jonathan moves on.

EXT. FREEWAY -- WAKING/NIGHT.

This, we can see by the texture of the images, is waking-reality. Rhino's VAN is being pulled over by a MOTORCYCLE COP.

ANGLE AT THE DRIVER'S WINDOW as the COP arrives. The cop makes a winding motion with his hand and the window comes down. It's Rhino at the wheel.

MOTORCYCLE COP
You know you were doing Seventy?

RHINO
Really? Gee, I never intended to speed, officer. I must have been distracted by dropping this --
(looks around his seat, produces a --)
Fifty dollar bill.

The cop looks at the bill, then back to Rhino.

MOTORCYCLE COP
It's not every day you see two of those.

RHINO
Two?

The cop nods.

EXT. THE PARK -- DREAM/NIGHT.

Jonathan walks through this now familiar park. Determined. The place is utterly without sound.

ANGLE AT THE LAKE -- There is a thick mist here, rising off the warmer lake into the cool night air, but no rain. Jonathan pauses at the lake. He begins stripping off his clothes.

AT THE LAKE'S EDGE -- as Jonathan plunges in naked

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL AREA -- WAKING/NIGHT.

A deserted area, a high hurricane fence with a sign -- DANGER -- KEEP OUT.

Rhino's van pulls up, lights already out. A pause, then Rhino and his boys pour out. They're all dressed in black, have their faces painted with camouflage, and are loaded with enough ropes, wirecutters, ladders, and such equipment to equip a SWAT team.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
If that cop had searched the van...

RHINO
To work!
(glances at watch)
Seven minutes and counting.

They dart to the fence, and as WE PAN WITH THEM THE MOVE REVEALS THEIR TARGET -- a huge ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION, with transformers, towers, and signs saying HIGH VOLTAGE -- DANGER -- MUNICIPAL LIGHT AND POWER.

They start cutting the fence. And as they do the sky opens up, RAIN suddenly pouring down in buckets.

EXT. THE LAKE -- DREAM/NIGHT.

OUT IN THE LAKE -- as Jonathan treds water. Looking around. Then he dives. And dives again.

Nothing.

He comes up for air. Closing his eyes in frustration.

CLOSE ON HIM -- as he calls softly --

JONATHAN
Please, God...

No response from God. He's about to dive again when there's a sudden movement in the water -- and Alison surfaces right behind him -- scaring the wits out of him! He back-pedals away, she moves towards him -- not swimming -- just moving effortlessly. And she holds the necklace in her hand.

He finds footing, runs out of the water. Looks back. She's gone.

Then her arm snakes around him from behind, and she gently pulls his face around -- looks deep into his eyes.

ALISON
Don't be afraid, Jonathan.

But Jonathan is terrified -- she's touching him, caressing his face.

JONATHAN
You're not alive, Alison!

ALISON
I'm here.

She kisses him. He finds himself kissing her back. And they sink to the glistening grass.

WIDE ON THEM AND THE LAKE -- clothed only by the mist.

EXT. THE POWER STATION/ REALITY --NIGHT.

Rhino's squad is picking the lock on a large steel shed. This has even more signs, and we get the feeling it's the central power house. LIGHTNING rips the sky -- the storm is getting mean.

Suddenly HEADLIGHTS sweep over them.

They drop to the ground, aghast.

REVERSE TO A MUNICIPAL LIGHT AND POWER SECURITY CAR pulling up.

An ARMED GUARD steps out, playing his flashlight over the van.

BACK ON THE TEAM -- a big Jock winces.

JOCK
Shit. We'll all be thrown off the team, my father'll have a heart attack and my mother'll hunt me down and kill me like a dog.

RHINO
I'll kill you like a dog if you don't shut up.

The guy shuts up. Rhino pulls a walky-talky from his jersey and whispers into it.

RHINO
Strike Team B, Boogey, Boogey, plan Z-23 with the Option, now in effect.

GIRL'S VOICE (WALKYTALKY/FILTER)
Z-23 with the Option, Roger.

BRUNO
What's the option?

RHINO
kiss 'im or Kill 'im.

CLOSER ANGLE WITH THE VAN AND SECURITY GUARD. He's at the side door when it bursts open and THREE CHEERLEADERS burst out -- inundating him with pom poms, tight sweaters and kisses.

CHEERLEADER # 1
Thank God you've come -- did you get our C/B call?

ARMED GUARD
Wh -- no, I...

CHEERLEADER # 2
They supposedly brought us out here to see the moon --

ARMED GUARD
Who -- ?

CHEERLEADER
The football squad -- and then they just started pulling at our clothes --

Pulls her sweater half off --

CHEERLEADER # 3
And kissing us and kissing us --

She demonstrates on the guard until he's undone, then pulls back with a demure smile.

CHEERLEADER # 1
So were stranded, far from our homes. Could you give us a ride back?

CHEERLEADER # 2
Pleeeeasssse...

CHEERLEADER # 3
We'd be sooo grateful!

The guard blinks.

ARMED GUARD
You guys live far?

CHEERLEADER # 2
How far you wanna go?

CUTTING BACK WITH THE GANG.

They hear the car doors slamming, the headlights sweep away.

RHINO
Coach would've loved that play.
(to the guys)
Back to work -- four minutes!

They turn back to their task, hurrying as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAKE -- DREAM/NIGHT.

Again, no rain. CLOSE ON JONATHAN AND ALISON -- holding each other in their arms. Suddenly Alison jerks up, sensing something. She shakes Jonathan --

ALISON
Jonathan -- Jonathan --

She shakes him even harder --

CUT TO:

EXT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- REALITY/NIGHT.

JONATHAN pulls away, protesting deeper into the blankets. Rain beats on the windows. LIGHTNING throws the room into split-seconds of weird shadow and light.

PAN OFF JONATHAN TO HIS TV.

It BLINKS ON. The TV PICTURE that appears is of a BIRD in a tree. The show seems one of those WILD KINGDOM clones so common on late-night TV.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The red crested nuthatch is one of nature's most elusive arboreals, with a light, lilting song and --
(sound of heavy blow)
Ugh-ooff!

We HEAR a BODYFALL. Then the tree shakes, the bird flies off with an alarmed squawk. Next second Pinker climbs up into view, like some huge evil bear. He looks around, then sneaks over and peers right out of the television, like a burglar looking in a window.

And then he starts sliding right out, right THROUGH THE SCREEN AND INTO JONATHAN'S ROOM.

EXT. THE LAKE/DREAM -- NIGHT.

Alison shakes Jonathan even harder --

ALISON
Jonathan -- wake up --

And Jonathan wakes, groggily. Looks at her.

JONATHAN
Whuh -- ??

ALISON
Jonathan -- it's Pinker!

Jonathan looks around dizzily. There are strange PEOPLE out there in the mist. Bloodied, sad looking people. Cooper, Pac Man -- even Diane, his foster mother -- hovering just beyond clear definition.

DIANE
Jonathan -- stop sleeping -- please!

PAC MAN
Wake up, Jonathan. Don't let him catch you sleeping.

Jonathan turns back to Alison.

JONATHAN
Why should I go back -- be away from you in that madness?

ALISON
You've got to, Jonathan, or you'll die!

JONATHAN
Then I'll die -- I don't ever want to be away from you again, Alison.

Despite herself Alison's eyes glisten with a wonderful light at these words. And she kisses him and whispers in his ear.

ALISON
Then you'll never be apart from me again -- ever.

And in a blinding moment she moves right into him -- merging herself with him in a quick surge of BRILLIANT LIGHT.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Jonathan sits bolt upright in his empty bed amidst a FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT. He shuts his dazzled eyes until the light falls away. He reopens his eyes. Looks around.

The room is empty. The television is on. The storm assails the windows.

Jonathan rolls out of bed, groggy. Looks at the TV. Another program now, an equally insipid midnight EVANGELIST, preaching about hell and the Beast from the pit.

Jonathan shakes his head. Behind him, we start to notice the electric relaxation chair against the wall.

It's always been a part of this room, except it hasn't always been this color. Now it's the exact colors of Pinker's prison jersey, garish day-glo orange, checkered across the center of its back, with DEATH ROW stenciled across its front in bold, black letters!

Jonathan goes into the bathroom, gets a drink of water, comes back and plops down right in the very chair. He sighs. Then notices something. The necklace. It's around his neck.

He touches it, amazed at its reappearance.

Instantly the chair lurches to life -- its arms becoming Pinker's, its back sprouting Pinker's head -- and Jonathan is grabbed from behind!

A knock-down drag-out fight begins -- Pinker grappling with Jonathan, and each time he touches Jonathan there's a harsh snap of ELECTRICITY that snaps between him and Jonathan -- stunning Jonathan repeatedly, driving him back, weakening him dangerously. Jonathan twists away in desperation and staggers out of the room -- racing for his life.

INT. LIVING ROOM/UTILITY AREA -- DAY.

Jonathan careens out and through the living room, into the utility area near the back door. There on the wall is a small hatch-like door marked "MAIN CIRCUIT BREAKERS". Jonathan heads straight for it.

CLOSE ON HIM -- as he pulls the hatch open. Only at the last second might we notice the door is day-glo orange, checkered, too. Next second PINKER STREAKS STRAIGHT OUT OF IT -- Instantly materializing as a full-sized man again -- smashing into Jonathan with another JOLT OF ELECTRICITY -- driving him back. Once again Jonathan is on the run.

PINKER CUTS HIM OFF from the front door -- Jonathan runs back for the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY.

Jonathan barely makes it when Pinker catches him, enveloping him in his arms -- and instantly VOLTAGE is coursing over Jonathan, stunning him, driving him mad with pain. In this last moment of desperation, Jonathan does the only thing he can -- he twists around, grabs the heart and shoves it in Pinker's face.

Instantly Pinker reels back -- Jonathan pursuing -- now on the offensive for the first time. Pinker's suddenly looking around for escape, and now dives headfirst back into the television, disappearing into it.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- as he clutches the heart for all he's worth. Immediately his body takes on a FIERCE GLOW OF WHITE LIGHT -- and Jonathan dives through the TV after Pinker!

INT. EVANGELIST'S SHOW -- TV

NOTE: From here on, whenever we are in the world of TV, our images will be "TV" in appearance, pixels and all, and will be subject to all the conventions of TV image manipulation.

Jonathan and Pinker crash into this palace of piety -- knocking the Evangelists reeling --

EVANGELIST
Sweet Je-sus!

PINKER
Not quite, asshole!

Pinker blasts the man with a right that sends him tumbling into the choir, then turns just in time to take a chair over the head from Jonathan. Pinker sloughs it off as if it were nothing and drives into Jonathan, slamming him backwards into --

EXT. A WESTERN (B&W STOCK AND STAGED FOOTAGE) -- TV.

(OPTICALS AGAINST STOCK): Jonathan and Pinker tumble down a hillside until they lodge in bushes. They're in the middle of a full-blown Old West gunfight (STOCK), cowboys on the right holed up in the rocks, Indians advancing and firing --

(STAGED): Jonathan dives for cover as a bullet ricochettes off a rock near his head. Pinker tackles an indian, steals his knife and dives back after Jonathan.

(STAGED): Jonathan does the only thing he can -- he pulls the REMOTE TV CHANNEL CHANGER out of his pocket and hits it -- and instantly --

INT. VIETNAM/WORLD WAR II BATTLEFIELDS -- (COLOR/B&W TV-SPFX OPTICAL).

Jonathan plunges straight into a Public Channel DOCUMENTARY of modern warfare -- a no-man's-land of blasted trees and barren trenches -- peopled by Germans, Asians and Americans fighting to the death in pitched battle -- Jonathan -- now in COLOR, now in BLACK AND WHITE himself -- astonished to find himself in the middle of it -- and the first GRENADE EXPLOSION knocking the remote beeper flying out of his hand into oblivion.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
If the urge towards violence is to be understood, we'd have to look beyond the failure of diplomacy to the triumph of man's reptilian brain itself --

Jonathan is every bit there in the middle of this madness (TV-Optically inserted into STOCK FOOTAGE), nearly getting his head blown off -- dodging EXPLOSIONS, reeling out of the way of tanks, staggering and pitching from one SHOT to the OTHER, a helpless victim both of the war and the documentary -- But far worse is Pinker himself -- now charging out of the smoke and fire with a bayonet-fixed rifle -- lunging and jabbing. Jonathan reels back, twists away and falls OUT OF FRAME onto --

EXT. DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE, HIROSHIMA -- DAY.

Ground Zero, Hiroshima. Jonathan scrambles up. Looks around.

Pinker has vanished. Nothing but a gutted city, traumatized people and dust rising to the heavens.

JONATHAN
Pinker!

No response. Then, looking down, he finds the TV REMOTE BEEPER. He picks it up. And now there's a ROAR of tens of thousands of PEOPLE chanting out --

VOICES (O.S.)
De-fense, de-fense!!

Jonathan turns to this sound and hits the beeper. Immediately he plunges down OUT OF FRAME BOTTOM --

EXT. FOOTBALL GAME (TV STOCK) -- DAY.

Jonathan lands on the fifty-yard line -- in blazing color now. The FANS are cheering in a deafening ROAR, rising with the THUNDER OF APPROACHING FEET -- and suddenly Jonathan sees --

ELEVEN HUGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS stampeding down on him from one direction, and from the other --

PINKER -- charging like a maniac -- knife raised and ready.

Jonathan turns and runs for his life.

INTERCUT BETWEEEN --

STOCK FOOTAGE -- FOOTBALL FANS --

FANS
Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

PLAYING FIELD -- Jonathan cutting through diving behemoths, being slammed sideways, cutting towards the only opening he sees -- the sidelines -- just as Pinker reaches him -- and both men run full tilt into a startled TV MINICAM --

MINICAM P.O.V. -- as the two crash straight into its lens!

INT. A COUCH-POTATO LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FILM).

CLOSE ON A BIG-SCREEN TV as Jonathan and Pinker smash straight out of the TV image and crash into the living room of a family of COUCH POTATOES. Mother, father and two kids. They leap up in startled terror as Jonathan and Pinker tear through their living room in a wild pursuit, then Jonathan dives right back into the TV, followed by Pinker.

The woman ducks from hiding and looks around.

WOMAN COUCH POTATO
That does it -- we're switching to cable.

EXT. ELECTRICAL POWER STATION -- NIGHT.

Back with Rhino and his squad -- at last succeeding in breaking into the power housing. They probe in with flashlights.

RHINO
See what you need!??

BRUNO
Uhm, I think so. Let's see...

The guy reaches in.

EXT. TOYOTA COMMERCIAL -- NIGHT.

Jonathan staggers away from Pinker -- Pinker slashing at him just inches behind.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
So why buy a Ford when you can own a Toyota?

Jonathan staggers out into the road just as a beautiful new Toyota 4X4 careens around a corner -- Jonathan dives, Pinker lunges -- and the Toyota smashes right into Pinker!

Pinker goes flying, rolling over and over until he comes to a stop in the middle of the road fifty feet away.

The truck slams to a stop, and the ACTOR/DRIVER jumps out.

ACTOR/DRIVER
Oh, my god, is he an extra or what?!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Toyota -- the car to make your wildest dreams come true!

Jonathan meanwhile is back on his feet, darting to the truck, snatching a 30.06 deer rifle from the cab's rifle rack, and chambering a round. He wheels and fires at Pinker's feet.

Pinker, astonished at his own vulnerability, leaps into the air just as the catchy song comes on --

SINGERS
Oh-oh-oh OOOh what a feeling!

And Pinker freezes in mid-air. Stuck there.

SINGERS (CONTD)
Toy-o-ta!

Pinker flails in mid air, stuck.

PINKER
Hey! What the fuck?!

Jonathan looks at his watch --

JONATHAN
Now, Rhino!

EXT. POWERSTATION -- NIGHT.

RHINO
Do it!

Bruno, now in thick rubber gloves and dark goggles, brings a big crowbar down on something in the shed. Immediately there's a HUGE, SHOWER OF SPARKS -- and the power station goes black.

RHINO
(awed, looking around)
Holy shit!

EXT. THE CITY -- NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON THE CITY. Section by section, it goes black. No light now but the ragged flashes of LIGHTNING.

INT. TOYOTA COMMERCIAL -- NIGHT.

Pinker, frozen in space, is helpless as Jonathan comes up and hangs Alison's golden heart around his neck.

JONATHAN
This represents all the love that was between Alison and me, Pinker. We give it to you.

Pinker howls like a banshee, and begins to glow red. He lets out a horrible scream -- then EXPLODES into --

Nothingness.

Next second the whole IMAGE BEGINS DECAYING --

Jonathan turns and runs -- DIVES OUT OF FRAME one desperate second before the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Jonathan crashes out of his own TV set. Next moment the TV, all the lights in the room, all the lights outside GO BLACK.

THE CITY IS IN TOTAL BLACKOUT.

Jonathan stands and looks around.

Absolute silence.

The storm has abated.

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Jonathan exits and looks around.

People are coming out onto their porches. Laughing, wondering. No streetlights.

NEIGHBOR
Wow, what a storm. Look at the sky!

Jonathan looks up.

The huge storm clouds are parting, and the sky is dense with stars.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN.

JONATHAN
(very low)
You there? You see those stars?

ALISON (O.S.)
Absolutely beautiful.

Jonathan closes his eyes, and the most sublime smile comes over his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (TV/FILM) -- NIGHT.

CLOSE ON TV PICTURE -- THE NEWS.

NEWSCASTER
Well we're still on emergency power here at KPNK, but we're told by authorities that the power failure caused by last night's storm is minutes from being fixed.

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL A HOSPITAL ROOM, Jonathan sitting in a chair next to Parker, who's in the bed, looking like a man who's been through hell.

NEWSCASTER (CONTD)
Meanwhile we are glad to report that for the first time in months there have been no homocides in our city. It appears, perhaps, that whoever or whatever Horace Pinker was, he's gone, and --
(presses his earpiece, getting a bulletin)
And we've just received word the Electric Company is putting the grid back on line, having circumvented the problem by --

Parker kills the TV with a remote. Outside the windows, lights are blinking back on, and then the lights in the hallway outside the room. There are distant CHEERS, APPLAUSE and CAR HORNS. But in the room, the lights are still off, and now with the TV off as well, it's quite dark.

Jonathan turns to Parker.

JONATHAN
How you feeling?

Parker gives him a thumbs up.

PARKER
How you doing?

JONATHAN
Okay. You want some light?

Jonathan moves to turn on a light. Parker stops him.

PARKER
I've had enough electricity to last me a lifetime.
(grins)
How about you?

Jonathan thinks about that, and then starts to laugh, nodding his head. They just do that, laugh there in the darkness. Then stop as -- we HEAR a LIMPING STEP OFF SCREEN.

They turn and look.

IN THEIR P.O.V. out into the hallway. A hulking PERSON moves INTO FRAME out there, moving towards their door, taking one good step, one limping one, foot dragged behind like a dead object. Then, just in the doorway, the person reveals his face, throwing off the hospital gown hiding his clothes.

It's Rhino.

He points at the two and roars with laughter, and after a beat Jonathan and Parker joing in. Rhino comes in with a six pack.

BACK ON THE THREE.

PARKER
On second thought, let's get some damn light in here!

And Jonathan turns on the light, laughing despite himself.

RHINO
How about some TV? You guys wanna watch the late show?

Parker hits him with a pillow as we

FADE TO BLACK FOR END TITLES.

119 INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT. 119

RESHOOT (as per existing cut, but faster) -- Jon, about to be stabbed, freezes Pinker with the remote beeper, notices the Video Monitor, adjusts the camera and monitor.

NEW MATERIAL:

ANGLE DOWN ON FROZEN PINKER --

PINKER
What the hell you doing!?

SIDE ANGLE ON TV AND JON --

JONATHAN
You bought into TV, Pinker. Now you're bound by its rules.
(stands, faces Pinker)
Now I'm gonna show you something.

RETURN TO TRIMMED-DOWN ORIGINAL FOOTAGE.

Jon zaps Pinker from one side of the room to the other, knocking him silly for about thirty seconds. This sequence will be AUGMENTED BY RESHOT C.U.'S OF JON --

JONATHAN
Remember Bobby? -- and Mom -- and Sally -- and all the others -- ?

Jonathan freezes Pinker in mid-air (existing footage).

PINKER
Hey -- what the fuck!?

BEGIN NEW SECTION:

Jon backs away, pleased with the effect.

JONATHAN
That's what it feels like to be a victim, Pinker. At the mercy of some lunatic and his weapon.

Jon stuffs the remote beeper in his back pocket and stoops by the wall.

PINKER
Get me a fucking violin, why don't you!

Jon comes up with Pinker's knife and crosses back to Pinker.

JONATHAN
Men, women, kids , Pinker -- innocent and defenseless in their beds -- and you killed them.

PINKER
Go ahead -- do it!

Jonathan lifts the knife and brings it down hard! Pinker flinches -- but it's a throw, not a stab -- and the knife crashes out through the window.

JONATHAN
That's not my way.

PINKER
It is your way -- you're cut from the same rotten cloth as me -- like it our not!

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN
No good -- I know the secret now. You're just some jerk my mother took in. You know who my father is? Me. I'm responsible for who I am. No one else.

PINKER
I get down from here, you're dog meat!

Jon's crossed back to the TV monitor, glancing at his watch.

JONATHAN
Three minutes to midnight, Pinker. Midnight, when Rhino blows the Maryville power station. Then we'll see who's dogmeat.

Jon smiles grimly, adjusting the TV monitor's position as Pinker reacts in terror.

JONATHAN (CONTD)
That's right -- blow the town fuses -- and when the power goes, the TV were on goes -- and whoever's in this room's gonna go right out with it.

He pauses for effect, then sticks his hand right through the TV monitor's screen, then takes it back out. It's as if he's put it through an open window. There's the escape route.

JON (CONTD)
'Course, whoever gets out before survives.

He looks at his watch.

JONATHAN
Three minutes.

He paces back to the far wall. But Pinker has cocked his head, and this horrible leer cracks his face.

PINKER
It was three minutes before.
Y'know what? I think your watch took a licking and isn't ticking.

Jon looks at his watch again, realizes...

JONATHAN
Shit...

VOICES (SOUND OVERLAP)
Five, four, three -- !

120 EXT. POWERSTATION -- NIGHT. 120

EXISTING SCENE -- PARTIAL.

GUYS
Two, one -- ZERO!

RHINO brings the crowbar down and a shower of sparks shoots out. The kids jump back as all hell breaks loose in the power panel -- circuits frying, fuses blowing -- a fireworks of electricity lighting up the place --

119A INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM -- NIGHT. 119A

CLOSE ON LAMP IN LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM. THE LAMP DIMS AND BRIGHTENS WILDLY.

CLOSE ON JON'S FACE -- snapping his head around from the lamp to see --

PINKER -- crashing to the bed, freed! Instantly he's on his feet and diving!

JON -- runs for the TV monitor but Pinker blindsides him -- driving him back against the far wall of the room -- and the two smash into the little girl's doll house and go down!

Jon fights valiantly, but Pinker's all over him -- and a final merciless punch sends Jon flailing backwards into a corner, stunned and helpless.

Pinker stands shakily, starts towards Jon -- when suddenly the LIGHTS IN THE ROOM SHUDDER, GO ALMOST OUT. As they do BOTH JONATHAN AND PINKER AND THE VERY ATMOSPHERE OF THE ROOM GLITCH AND ROLL like a giant TV gone haywire!

Pinker staggers back, panicked.

120A EXT. POWERSTATION -- NIGHT. 120A

EXISTING FOOTAGE

A final burst of sparks, and then the power in the whole place goes out. Bruno and the gang look around in amazement -- then shout out --

BRUNO
Holy shit -- it's working!!

Wild cheers as we

CUT TO:

120B EXT. CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT.

EXISTING FOOTAGE

Two grids of the city BLINK OUT, one after the other. HORNS BLOW -- DISTANT CHEERS.

119B INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM -- NIGHT. 119B

NEW FOOTAGE:

Pinker staggers through the half light -- straightens the TV monitor in panic. And now the LIGHTS STRUGGLE BACK UP TO FULL.

Pinker leaps back, ready for his exit dive.

JON
See you on the late show, asshole!

He runs for the TV.

ON JONATHAN -- at the last second sprawling out and grabbing a power cord -- janking its plug out of the wall with a snap of SPARKS.

CLOSE ON THE TV MONITOR -- BLINKING OFF --

CLOSE ON PINKER -- diving in horror --

PINKER
Shit!

Pinker might as well have been trying to dive through a brick wall -- smashing into the monitor and driving it right into the wall -- shattering the screen into a million pieces.

ON JONATHAN -- lurching up, trying to clear his head.

ANGLE ON PINKER -- grabbing a long shard of glass from the monitor's shattered screen. The LIGHTS FLICKER dangerously, and Pinker turns in rage, standing with the dagger of glass in his hand.

PINKER
I don't get out, you don't get out. Sign off time!

He raises the glittering blade of glass and charges.

LOW ANGLE ON JON -- on the floor among the ruins of the TV monitor. He sees something --

CLOSE ANGLE ON HIS FIST -- closing around the heart and lockette where it was kicked by Pinker.

ON PINKER -- as he charges!

ON JON -- as he rises into frame comes up in one single move, heart still clenched in his fist -- and brings round a haymaker to Pinker's jaw that connects with a TREMENDOUS BURST OF SPARKS. Pinker cartwheels backwards in a SHOWER OF SPARKS.

Jon turns and races for --

THE VIDEO CAMERA -- as the LIGHTS FLICKER -- THEN COME BACK UP.

Jon straightens it, hangs the heart over its lens, then steps back as Pinker lurches up in the back ground, blood in his eye.

Jon runs for the camera!

RETURNING TO ALREADY EXISTING FOOTAGE --

JONATHAN -- SEEN THROUGH THE P.O.V. OF THE TV CAMERA'S LENS -- dives straight into lens -- and smashes through.

NEW FOOTAGE --

PINKER
No!

IN HIS P.O.V. -- we SEE the camera -- knocked off-balance by Jonathan's crashing dive. It teeters, teeters, then falls -- straight forward on its lens a split second before Pinker gets to it. The camera EXPLODES IN SPARKS and is dead. Pinker reels back -- twisting around as the LIGHTS SHUDDER IN THE ROOM.

SMASH CUT TO:

120C EXT. CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT. 120C

EXISTING FOOTAGE --

THE LAST GRID GOES DARK.

SMASH CUT TO:

119C INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM -- NIGHT. 119C

The room goes dark. Pinker spins round and round, weird waves spinning off him -- he screams as he goes incandescent -- and then -- in a tremendous geyser of sparks -- he EXPLODES INTO ATOMS!

120D INT. TV-BETWEEN-THE-WORLDS

EXISTING FOOTAGE.

JON careens through the atomized supercharged atmosphere of TV run amuck.

120E INT. JON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

EXISTING FOOTAGE.

Jon smashes out of his TV onto his bedroom floor. He recovers, "beeps out" the fire of the ruined TV and leaves the room, as shot and cut.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT.

EXISTING FOOTAGE.

Jon exits the house to the street as per our cut, saying the lines to Alison's ghostly presence as cut.

NEW FOOTAGE (SLIGHT VARIATION ON PLANNED OPTICAL)

The only difference is that on the second cut to the stars, we see a constellation suddenly apparent -- unmistakably in the shape of a heart, hung out and shining among in the fields of stars.